SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. { PUBLISHED BY GEO. R. GRAHAM & CO. No. 36 Carter's Alley, Below Third street—Opposite the Girard Bank. } PHILADELPHIA, JULY 18, 1840. { TERMS. $3 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS } WHOLE No. 990.

Original Contributions.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Reason.

What is the spell that lingers round the blue and sunny west,
And gives it ever an childhood's home we instinctly wish to rest,
And what the magic of a glance pure as the morning's kiss,
That haunts us as ever after haunt late vesions of a dream.

What's in the echos of a voice that ringing wild and free,
That sounds in memory's chambers like a sweet remembered lay?
Then they away like sweet waves upon their watery bed,
Or murmur of music floating past by fairy minstrels shed.

And what the thrilling hopes of a first love's beaming eye?
As gala scene reptiles are that sweeps where the rushing tide
Or sweetest ripples that sweeps where the rushing tide
Or resting spring.

And in the weakness of their give upon some aerial thing,
What bonds we tie a passing fair thought it be ended in love,
And grieve as sentiment on our manhood's strengthen with
our years.

What makes us bend that vision still amid the wreck of time,
And endow us still remember it—though memory be a crime,
And what dwells in a slumbers here that tullos of high intent,
Of aim and ardency sympathies with the wind blast.
The heart to date—the soul to act—fashion and mercenary?
The ever blooming flowers of true—the flowers of the mind
And why in all my mingled dreams, my hours of morning hues,
Some ad lie's vestment will come into lovely far off,
And blended with my wildest wish, a thought from life's spirit
An treasured distance dream like sense, the idol of my heart.

Or why since sleep her magic reign has spread over tree and bower,
Some lingering flame will linger near, as murderous on the hour?
Is this the Reason that hallated of reptiles with pleasure
Philadelphia, 1840. S. H.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Gertrude von Lichtenburg,

OR

THE FATAL BEQUEST.

A Tale of the Thirteenth Century.

Nothing more remained below
But vigour with unbroken glow,
A mind all-fitted to serve or prove,
A soul to earth unmated—dauntless—and yet true
That would—but could—not look beyond.—Byron

Concluded.

The same muffled messenger who had conducted him thither, now met him on the outside.—They sought again through the same intricate passages, the little room where Rudolph had sat on the cloak. Having once learned his former habitancies, he left the house and stood once more beneath the free blue vault of heaven. He wandered about, contemplating the interior of its attendant incidents, without purpose, or knowing whither he went. He found himself at last in an unfrequented part of the city, and, ashamed now that the perfume of the rose is fled, he cast aside to die in silence unlamented.—Again he passed onward a mere fleeting shadow—stopped down her pale cheek, again her frame became convulsed with agony. She started suddenly from her seat, and, raising her figure to the height of majesty, she paced her apartment in great agitation.—"I will leave him!" Yes, I am not fallen yet so low as to forget the pride of my race, the honour of the Duke, and I will seek some more kind lord who will not be Duke for anything! Ah! but as though he heeded not the fear of death, but would rather welcome it than live on in the lonely halls of my father's castle. Little did he imagine that my heart could hide that one fault, more than all the virtues, were no longer his's.

She seated herself, and in a few moments, with trembling hand, wrote the following:

"My dear Duke:

"I am sorry that I am so longer prized by one for whom I have forgone all that is dear; home and my father, and all that I possessed, and have become a wanderer for whose pleasure I yielded up the greatest prize of my life, my honour, and have left to be talked about in gossip, and scandal, and pointed at as one who has been won and lost—and now cast away. Already I feel the pangs of neglect, and I will not live to endure more. Farewell! Gertrude."

The letter filled her heart—"I can read you nothing more," she repeated, and burst into tears. "Degraded, forsaken by him for whom I have resigned all; treated as an outcast, oh, God! I cannot endure it!" Her eye now looked at the letter again. "There's scarce a word of love, —no consolation,—no kindness,—no trace of his former affection. Ah! last week he was mine, and now, that the perfume of the rose is fled, he can aside to die in silence unlamented.—Again she paced

for him would wrinkle him sadly and suddenly, and many a delicacy did the kind brother place on his table, to tempt a sick appetite; many an effort did he make to amuse or cheer, and a depression whose cause he could not penetrate. One day as, perceiving the utter failure of those efforts, he was entreating him to say if any bodily ailment was thus depressing him, Brother John was standing by, whose mere kindred could better discipline, when, seeing in that of Brother Francis but a harsh and contemptuous smile; the painter's eye met his, and at a glance read in that smile the monk's knowledge of his feelings. This was the crowning mortification—that that man, whose obstinacy had excited his so unhappy pity, should know and triumph in the effects of his flagrant conduct, every bit almost to the flesh, and added to his previous tortures the perpetual gnawing of a hidden hatred.

If this story were not a truth too well authenticated, it might, and would be looked on as so exaggerated picture of an impossible consequence; it is another evidence and illustration of the fiction, that "truth is stranger, stranger than fiction."

To return to Pistoricchio. This war of the life and the spirit could not long continue. The ruthless passions that he had nourished, now in the day of their power, wanted away his bodily strength, and sapped those powers they had most seemed to subserve.

It was a few months after the event that had so deeply affected the painter's health of mind and body, and he was again alone at night in the chapel of St. Francis. He knelt now on the very spot where the traitor monk's contrast to his walking fully had thrust from him: the picture, for which he believed the treasure the intended payment, was now nearly finished, and each day he prepared to pass a night of prayer and vigil; to woo back to his grasp the gift he had thrust from him: but midnight was come, and no prayer had passed his lips. Still he knelt in silent exhaustion and remorseful thought. In what words could he pray for that which his own hands had cast from him? But in the depths of his soul arose a bitter questioning of the justice of his fate.—"Have I not," he said, "fulfilled my part? I have devoted to the saint's shrine that which I value most highly. I have exerted for the glory of God his highest gift: and if I have thrown from me the second appointed, was it not in the torment? Does this merit its forfeiture? Surely I am unjustly punished!" He ceased to speak, but his spirit chafed with a sense of injustice, and his heart was filled with rebellion.

While thus he lay, he became conscious of a bright light that seemed to fill the chapel, which before had been but dimly illuminated by a few wax tapers; he raised his head, and again saw the reverend form—the object of his former vision. Impetuously he threw himself at the feet of the saint, but vainly did he strive to express by words anything of his feelings or his hopes: he folded his hands, and with eager and gasping breath, fixed his eager and glaring eyes upon the holy visit ant, whose radiant brow was bent upon him in frowning reproof.

"Child of the dust," he said "approach no longer the justice of thy doom: thou has said, 'I hate fulfilled my part: I have sacrificed to God of my choicest treasures.' Then hast offered of the treasures of the mind, and in this thou hast done well, but the offering must acceptable to the Almighty then hast withheld—the cherished pride and passion: these are the sacrifices in which He delights—it was this only that was demanded of thee, and this thou hast refused; man! man! thou no longer et the fate then hast thyself woven."

The words of the saint prostrated the painter's heart; he felt at once all their meaning; and, humble and self-contected, he bowed his forehead to the earth, and his tears and his prayers were a union of sense, soothing and spirit-like passed over him, his tears flowed more freely, and no other sight or sound that night interrupted the communion of the penitent with his Maker. On the following morning, when Brother Julian entered the chapel before the usual hour of service, impelled thereto by anxiety respecting the painter, he found him still lying where the vision had left him: he hastened to raise him, and to his terror and dismay saw the approach of death fearfully manifest in his countenance; a few words he gasped of confession and repentance, to which the monk replied with the consolations of religion; and then in a minute's struggle—a transient brightening of the glazing eye—a slight cry as of pain, and Pistoricchio, the proud and gifted painter, and the slave and victim of his own evil passions, ceased to breathe.

Temperance to Ice and.

Michael Kelly has published in a neat pamphlet a full review of the recent temperance movement in Ireland from the Dublin Review of May. It embodies facts which should be extensively known, and is written in a style, that will ensure readers. We regret the movement of father Matthew as one of the greatest spectacles that the moral world has ever presented and the vigor with which the Catholic clergy have taken hold of the subject in this country, no worthy of all praise, while it administers a wholesome rebuke, to their more sluggish brethren of the Protestant church. We are particularly pleased with the following exhortation delivered by Father Matthew to a large assemblage, as it shows an entire absence of a spirit of intolerance, worthy of the man and the cause.

"It might, perhaps, be unnecessary for him to advise them to the utmost of the unmerciful zeal of their of intolerance, or to recount to them the mighty change that had taken place throughout the north of Ireland in the morals and the habits of the people—not only in their morals and their habits, but also in their comforts. Prosperity, and plenty, and happiness flowed in upon them ever they had formerly known—that the use of intoxicating liquors. You there was a blessing which was upon testimony—their presence convinced him that like which they had never known before.—Their homes the dwellings of peace and comfort—their wives and their children were contented and happy. The Temperance Reformation was not a mere sect or a political society; it had nothing whatever to do with such matters. It embraced members of every creed, and of every shade of politics. Why, the very first who had the courage to come forward was a gentleman of the Church of Ireland, and all sects and of every religious denomination, and all of them assembled together, and supported him in the undertaking. He had no doubt but that the same blessing would attend them, that the increase to that great work was not supported by mere momentary fervor. Many

Before administering the pledge to each platoon, Father Matthew addresses them in language, at once simple and lucid, accompanies playful and kindly with that tendency to mirth which marks the Irish mind, under circumstances even of the most grave and solemn nature. Among other circumstances he relates the following.

"One day in the streets of Cork, a man of the name of Barry, a corn dealer, on his way to the warriage break, was met by a poor beggar, named Murphy, the latter said to him, 'Why do you not come to see me now as often as you used?' 'I have been ill and in trouble.' I cannot do any such thing now, as Father Mathew had deprived me of the use of the way of temptation.' 'I am sorry to see you looking so very badly, and the tavern keeper' very poor that I spoke yellow.' 'Why, sad Barry, if my face be yellow, you are as poor brother Jack Good, and he died the end of his pocket four sevenpence, which he was going to lay up in the savings bank.' Not less than forty or four hundred new books had been opened in the Cork savings' banks since the spread of temperance there. He (saying by money in that manner, they would have had no need to go to the workhouse.' Dr. Austin in assuring testimonies, the people would, in that connection produce many amongst themselves. They had resided the aged father not the mother of a ten-caroller would be under the least running necessary of applying for admission to a workhouse. And my friends (continued the reverend speaker), when you die you may be sure of having fine funerals, an object so dear to every Irishman."

But, gentle reader, buy the pamphlet. It can be had at 241 Market street.

New South Wales.

One of the officers attached to the American Exploring Expedition writes to the Brooklyn News, from Sydney, New South Wales, as follows. What a singular country it is to be sure.—If we call rain rain, we must use the word, but be had, for in all things it is as unlike. When the north wind blows, it is hot, and very warm—it is summer here and winter with you. The innermost trees before bad weather, and falls in fiery goal; the moans are black, and the anglers while the native lay eggs and leaves a duck's bill; the kangaroo has claws on its fore paws, and unlons on its hind legs, like a bird, and yet hops upon his tail; the birds have become in their monster instead of wings; the rabbits are found in the rivers, and the perch in the sea, the vallays are cold and barren, and the mountains are warm and fertile; the cattle is a tall tree, and the pulpe a dendrotica shrub; the pears are on the stem on the outside; the chestnut and the cherry grow with its stem on the outside; the fields are fenced with ant-hungary, and the poorer peasant's house is made of yellow cedar; the tapitis tree is burnt for fuel, and the lands are without song."

Saturday Morning Post.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1846.

Post Office.

$7 FIVE DOLLARS in advance remitted to this office, free of postage, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for three years: or for one copy of the Philadelphia Casket and two of the Post for one year.

$7 SEVEN DOLLARS, in advance, will pay for two copies of the Post, and one of the Casket for one year.

$7 TEN DOLLARS, in advance, will be received for three copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

$7 TWENTY DOLLARS, in advance, will procure six copies of the Post, and six copies of the Casket for one year.

$7 THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of entirely original articles, with rich engravings, and highly colored fashions. It is printed on a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and constitutes an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable pastime at home.

$7 Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best hand-note that they can find, and remit it by the most certain plan, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address.

Cleaning Houses.

It is with feelings of pleasure and pride that we occasionally hold a chit-chat with our readers in relation to our prospects and support, as editors and publishers of the Saturday Evening Post. We had no doubt of support when we entered the field thronging with competitors, for we knew that the Saturday Evening Post had a long and long series of years maintained the front rank in the contest, in we felt assured that with reasonable exertions, our success in industry would maintain it. We took our ground at once, and resolved to make it a welcome family paper, by paying the utmost attention to the character of its contents. Our success has been beyond our most sanguine expectations, and our list has been swelling up with unexampled rapidity by subscriptions from all parts of the United States, from Texas, and even from Upper Canada. Our surprise, however, was complete, when a few mornings since in examining our letters we read the following from a gentleman in London, and we give it as something new in the history of weekly newspapers. The fact that he shall be screened by the writer for giving his letter dates.

London, 27 May, 1846.

Messrs. Geo. R. Graham, & Co.

Gentlemen,

Through the hand of my brother, a long time resident in Philadelphia, I received two copies of the Post. I can assure you, Gentlemen, myself and family are highly pleased, as well as instructed by a perusal of their contents. Although I have read most of the Newspapers which have issued from the English press during the last twenty years, I have found none so well adapted to the family circle, as The Saturday Evening Post.

In this Paper we find no party politics, no religious controversies, no obscene remarks or disgraceful exhibitions. In fact there is nothing in it to raise a blush on the face of virgin purity, nor excite the mind to a vicious thought.

Your Journal has increased by a steady and uniform course, and good taste, and altogether presents a beautiful specimen of modern Typography, equally creditable to the publishers and workmen, who bear, at this day, the proofs in their religion, language and ceremonies, of their early origin.

Be for it is conjectured by the most conscientious will, in time, ripen into fixed, and positive axioms. This we know, that 400 years ago Columbus discovered the Northern portion of this continent, inhabited by a mild, peaceable race of Indians—a hospitable, inoffensive people, amiable and kind, strangers to the darkness and the errors of religion—the more savage tribes to the North have not been reached even at this day.

It is a fact of no little interest, that the belief that the original Mexicans and Peruvians were the architects of those splendid temples, obelisks and pyramids, and that their chiefs formed those gigantic statues and discovered. All that we know of Peruvian fine arts, such as sketches of human figures, are in the present imaginable taste, and not of all proportions, and dimensions to drawing. The chart in Delafield's work, and all other drawings prove this—indeed, their traditions have it, that those stone ruins of exact proportion, as temples, bases, his reliefs, metopes, and triglyphs, such as we see this day at the Parthenon at Athens, were done by a race of Giants, and of whom they know nothing. Who built them—who raised the obelisks—who sculpured the statues? The hieroglyphics will tell the story that this is not the work of the world. We take it for granted now, that communions will soon be issued by the French and other European governments to explore those countries, nature will soon be abroad—the patches of the wealthy will soon be directed toward the Golph of Mexico: and Tbeba and Palmyra will soon be found in the bowels of the traveller and the tourist. We rejoice, however, that to the United States will the merit be ascribed of having on first been discovered. They are only the beginning—the more dawn of those great events which soon are to burst upon us with wonderful light.

Popular Lectures.

The various Literary Societies of this city are already making entire preparations for the instruction and entertainment of their members during the coming winter. The following persons are announced as the lecturers before the Mercantile Lobrary Association. The course will commence on the first Friday of November, in the Musical Fund Hall. Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Wm. C. Preston, Hon. John F. Kennedy, Hon. James M. Porter, Rev. President Durbin, John M. Scott, Esq. William B. Reed, Esq. Rev. F. Mohnstadt, Edward E. Law, Esq. Sidney Geo. Fisher, Esq. Isaac Hazlehurst, Rev. J. Breckenridge, Rev. Benjamin Dorr, David Paul Brown, Esq. Morton M'Michael, Esq. Rev. W. H. Furness, Peter M'Call, Esq. Geo. M. Wharton, Esq. Thomas Matter, M. D. H. S. Patterson, M. D.

Lotteries.

We see that several of the New York papers have refused to publish any more of the lists advertising the sale of lottery tickets. This is right and proper, and gives wholesome evidence of a determination to enforce respect for the laws. A few years since our own as well as our sister city was filled with lottery offices rapidly undermining the morals and the habits of the people, and by way for a course of gambling and crime. Nothing is more injurious to a state or nation than a thirst for wealth among the people, which leads them to use the means which God has ordained to procure it by honest industry, "by the sweat of the brow."

Congress.

Great dissatisfaction prevails over the whole country with the protracted session of Congress. It appears that both sides are anxious to continue it as long as possible for political effect and influence. This is shameful and deserves the rebuke of the people. Tens of thousands of dollars are seriously squandered annually in idle and silly debates, but to prolong the session for no other purpose, but to effect party ends is a departure from principle so gross and wanton, that it would be criminal in the prize not to rebuke it.

Independence of America.

Mr. Stephens, U. S. Charge to Guatemala, and Mr. Catherwood, of the New York Bar, have been most encouraging customs almost at the outset of their researches for antiquities in Central America. At Quirigua they made the following discoveries:

One statue 10 feet high, lying upon the ground. One statue 10½ feet high, lying upon the ground, and then looking toward the heavens. One statue 26 feet high, standing similar to the above or lower at Pisa. A monument 23 feet high, perpendicular, in the form of an obelisk, full of hieroglyphics, with an hieroglyphic on the pinnacle or top, and has some figures in its hands. Another statue 9 feet high, representing a woman. One other statue 12 feet high, representing a man with his side the figure of a woman, on the other a man, in good preservation. Another the head of a giant, 6 feet in diameter. Two altars, most elegantly sculptured. One obelisk, 12 feet in height. Four other monuments in distinct places, one of which is of a circular form, and upon a stone of eminence formed of stones, apparently brought from the river. In the centre between these four monuments, there is a huge round stone, which is richly carved with hieroglyphics and inscriptions; beneath the stone is two human heads, covered nearly with vegetation, upon which the stone rests.

The above monuments are found about 3,000 feet from the river Montagua. The time of Messrs. Catherwood and Stephens being short, they were unable to make more discoveries in that place; but they are satisfied that these monuments, &c. can be removed and taken to the United States of America, which is their intention; while those of Palenque are so far in the interior, it would be impossible to have them removed. We learn that the human figures, and the ornaments which appear about them, are all similar to those of Palenque. In fact, this we consider only as a prelude to what we shall expect from their distinguished, persevering and scientific travellers.

We learn these gentleman will continue their journey, and after their visit to Palenque, will proceed to Mexico.

The N. Y. Star, (edited by Mr. Noah, a Hebrew,) offers the following commence upon the above facts:

The people of this country must be prepared for extraordinary developments of the antiquities throughout Central America, Peru and Mexico. We must as a nation relinquish our unbelieving propensities, our sublime practice of doubting every thing which we cannot exactly comprehend, and believing all things to be a hoax or a humbug excepting men or a silver dollar, and prepare ourselves by a proper course of reading to be known and to believe that this new world, so called—the discovery of a few centuries—was settled by the descendants of the Old Testament, the statues above described, together with the altars and obelisks, the temples at Palenque, the hieroglyphics in stone in mentioning our letters we read the Gd. Testament, the same people who built Tyre, Babylon, the Tower, the Pyramids and Carthage—the Phœnicians, who drove others into the Mediterranean by Joshua, after they had circumnavigated Africa, visited Britain and the Western Islands, found themselves nearly 4000 years ago in the Gulf of Mexico, and their settlement spread over the Peninsular to the Pacific Ocean and to Cape Horn. Let our people be prepared for something yet more startling—the downfall of the powerful people who built those cities. Let them be prepared to believe that 1500 years after the Israelites had settled in the Promised Land, after a half tribes of Israel, after the capture of Samaria, took their departure for "an unknown country," and after taken in their stead "lions" and Chinese disposed to follow, crossed at Behring's Straits and passed down on the Pacific side until they reached the Isthmus of Darien, and there they came suddenly upon the Canaanites and destroyed them a second time, and in the new world and with them destroyed also Pagan worship. They were ordered to do by the Almighty wherever they found them. Let our people know that the red men spread over the continent from the descendants of Adam after the confusion of tongues, who bear, at this day, the proofs in their religion, language and ceremonies, of their early origin.

Further Particulars.

On Monday morning, Alfred H. Love and Sarah Ann Coleman, of Upper Darby, the persons who were arrested by officer Downer, were brought before the Mayor charged with the murder of John Jones, the unfortunate girl in Juniper street. The first witness examined was James F. X. M'Closkey, who stated that he resided in the house in Juniper street he heard the cries of murder, that he went to the gate and found it locked, he then climbed over the fence and saw the prisoner Love standing on the area of the house the woman Davis wearing clothes as in this. He saw Love strike a number up of the cry of murder coming from the house, she said with apparent innocence, it was the woman upstairs who had murdered the girl. He assisted in the search for the deceased sitting on a chair in the landing of the third floor, shockingly cut about the throat, and apparently dying. He left him dead. A doctor was immediately sent for, and the witness in the mean time assisted in placing the body on the bed. He then left the house and proceeded the unfortunate woman, because she threatened to throw her (meaning) into a well. She stated that the girl had fallen down on the hearth in the kitchen, but that she about did the deed. The office was crowded to across during the whole of the examination.

Missionary Society.

We are indebted to the N. York Herald, for a statement concerning the services of the Rev. Mr. Allen, in twenty two days from New York.

News reached New York just previous to the mail of the 4th inst. of the capture by the American citizens had been taken prisoners at Monterey, on the Pacific coast, and were confined in the castle of Monterey in San Blas, in charge of General Arrieta, and twenty five Mexican troops. They were arrested on the 10th of June, and on the 14th were put on board the ship of war Cyane, and carried to San Blas the British Consul had them instantly liberated, and detained the General and his troops. The British Consul is a gentleman of noble heart, and he knows the outrage.

The Cyane sailed precisely that Campanchy is in possession of the Federalists. The town capitulated on the 4th ult. and not on the 31 as before stated. The American prisoners were duly extracted from there at Vera Cruz, when the Ann Elizabeth.

The U. S. ships Marcedonia, Warren and Lexant, arrived at Vera Cruz from the Pacific coast, on the 10th. They have since sailed at Pensacola.

The Ann Elizabeth had not reached Island papers via Matanzas, to the 15th of March.

A number of Mexican officers had arrived at Havana on their parole.

A Case of Mystery.

A singular case was brought before the Coroner of this city, on Saturday last, by the Coroner of Delaware at the first village above the Pond House. From appearances, the deceased had been in the water about a week. He had long straight black hair, and was dressed in a sea-grass roundabout, new buckskin pants, white figured Marseilles vest, fine boots, and had good pocket book, with a colored bank note of Jones bank therefor—had in his pockets a half of a pound of tobacco, and a pen knife, and a pair of new shoes. The case was unparalleled, and of a nature to need revolting and repugnant to every feeling of humanity, and justly calculated to excite feelings of the deepest and warmest indignation in the breast of every natural father and true American. The poor youth was scarcely made to know himself by a close inspection, and while in this degrading attitude, had blows after blows inflicted with a ratten upon his back, neck, arms and shoulders, till they were literally scored, the blood spirting through his shirt at every blow. His back was exhibited in the Alderman's office, and such a sight as it presented, we feel confident was never witnessed in this city.

After a hearing of the testimony, and some very appropriate, pointed and feeling remarks by R. M. Lee, Esq., who had come forward in the kindest and most generous manner, undertook to assist the feelings of the deceased's mother, and with great success, upon the community for a long time. He had the sorbefore the Alderman, and he was fully convinced of the correctness of the statement. He then ordered the witness into Mr. C.'s house through a back cellar window, by digging away the stones. William Thompson, Eddy Johnson, and Sarah Smith, were then summoned with the body, and upon a charge of receiving the articles named above, knowing them to have been stolen.

Swallowed a Needle.—A gentleman who conversed himself to Dr. Hodge, in this city, to be relieved, and has been making the proper application for the former several months, happened to be in the drug store of Mr. Strafford, in Sixth street below Callowhill, on Thursday afternoon. Dr. Ford, of Catharine street, being present, the sufferer showed him his sense, and was expatiating upon the probability of its cure, when the Doctor informed him that he had swallowed a needle some years ago, and advised him to have it extracted, and admitted that he had swallowed a needle some his months before. The gentleman then left.

A Constable in Trouble.—A deputy constable of the 4th Ward, Southwark, named Samuel Ratcliff, on Thursday night made several unsuccessful attempts to enter the house of Mr. Hodge, in Sixth street, below Christian. He was arrested on Friday evening by Constable Hagleton, and committed to answer at the Court of General Sessions. On Saturday morning he was admitted to bail by Alderman Sanders, in the sum of $500, himself and two sureties in $250 each. R. were made, her husband was confined in Moyamensing, whether he had been taken in the custody of Ratcliff, in default of bail, upon a charge of keeping a tippling house. Mrs. R.'s sister and breast were a good deal lacerated, and the fingers of her right hand were torn through with the ruffianly violence.

Tortured.—The following is a list of the injustices appointed by the Court of General Sessions:

John C. Knight,	George Hudson,
Francis Cole,	David Powell,
John Laughlin,	David Lukens,
N. B. Parris,	John Mosier,
John E. Hand,	Alex. M'Cullen,
Edward Clark,	David Dolinger,
James Mercer,	Jacob Ege,
	Charles Wickman.

The five Constables appointed for the present term, are—

Thomas Byrne,	Patrick Fisher,
Charles Hall,	David Richardson,
	Wm. C. Grow.

Fire.—On Thursday morning about 2 o'clock, a carpenter shop in the rear of No. 20 St. John Street, Kensington, was discovered to be on fire. The interior of the shop, together with its contents, consisting of the workbench, lathe, &c. were burnt. It is supposed that the fire was the work of an incendiary, as one of the window shutters had been forced and left open. The shop was occupied by Z. W. Lazell, whose loss are understood is estimated at $200.

Another.—The alarm box corner of Henry st. and Thursday forenoon, was caused by the partial burning of the roof of a house situated in Harris' Court, entering from Letitia Court.

Deserting his Wife and Child.—On Friday evening Constable Byrne, of the First Ward, Southwark, caught hold of a man named Wilson, on the wharf over the river. The deceased seeing his ex-mate in charge of drowning, cried out lustily to land off the steam boat, and a beautiful daughter, about 14 years of age, in the utmost anxiety for the safety of her father. He was taken before Alderman Johnson and committed to answer at the General Sessions. On Saturday morning he was bought up and admitted to bail in $200.

Fright of Insanity.—Mr. Benjamin Smith, formerly a lock-keeper in the Penna. Canal, and who for was supposed to have wandered away a few weeks ago on a state of insanity, came out to the Almshouse, in going and returning in less than 14 hours, an average of 18 miles per hour. The trip is said to be unprecedented.

The Woodland's Cemetery.—The U. S. Gazette says that the beautiful estate, on the west bank of the Schuylkill, above the Upper Ferry road, and the Lazaretto, have been purchased with the view of converting it into a Rural Cemetery. For this purpose, acts of the Legislature will be required, and we learn that confirming the privileges of incorporation, with the necessary powers to carry the object into effect.

Coroner's Inquest.—We learned on Saturday some 20 or 30 small boats anchored in the Delaware, directly opposite the Steeden Church, Southwark, containing each a family, and in many instances, a number of children, and gentlemanly proprietor. William M'Mullin and J. C. Bales are the agents of the above line at the wharf. They fee are very cheap and obliging fellows.

Watchman in Trouble.—Alderman McLeod, of the Southwark district, has committed to answer at the Court of General Sessions, the charge of assault and battery upon his wife, and false imprisonment. The accused is a watchman and has been bound over a few days previous to the present.

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John C. Knight,	George Hudson,
Francis Cole,	David Powell,
John Laughlin,	David Lukens,
N. B. Parris,	John Mosier,
John E. Hand,	Alex. M'Cullen,
Edward Clark,	David Dolinger,
James Mercer,	Jacob Ege,
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The five Constables appointed for the present term, are—

Thomas Byrne,	Patrick Fisher,
Charles Hall,	David Richardson,
	Wm. C. Grow.

Fire.—On Thursday morning about 2o'clock, a carpenter shop in the rear of No. 20 St. John Street, Kensington, was discovered to be on fire. The interior of the shop, together with its contents, consisting of the workbench, lathe, &c. were burnt. It is supposed that the fire was the work of an incendiary, as one of the window shutters had been forced and left open. The shop was occupied by Z. W. Lazell, whose loss are understood is estimated at $200.

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Fright of Insanity.—Mr. Benjamin Smith, formerly a lock-keeper in the Penna. Canal, and who for was supposed to have wandered away a few weeks ago on a state of insanity, came out to the Almshouse, in going and returning in less than 14 hours, an average of 18 miles per hour. The trip is said to be unprecedented.

The Woodland's Cemetery.—The U. S. Gazette says that the beautiful estate, on the west bank of the Schuylkill, above the Upper Ferry road, and the Lazaretto, have been purchased with the view of converting it into a Rural Cemetery. For this purpose, acts of the Legislature will be required, and we learn that confirming the privileges of incorporation, with the necessary powers to carry the object into effect.

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A Young Boy in Trouble.—On Tuesday afternoon a young Chesnut street buck, named Solomon Elkins, was fined $100 and committed for 6 o'clock, on Saturday morning, for Cape May, and returning reach of the wharf again before night without in the evening having professed the entire distress 200 persons in going and returning in less than 14 hours, an average of 18 miles per hour. The trip is said to be unprecedented.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Bank received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

☞ NEW AGENCIES.—J. F. Curns & Co. our agents at New Orleans, have established agencies at Mobile and St. Louis. Their address at Mobile is *W. Pickel, No. 10 Royal street.* Mr. Fowner is the acting partner at St. Louis. We commend them to those who wish the Post or Casket at either place.

Flogging a Seaman.

The sentence of the Court Martial was executed upon Livingston, on board the North Carolina, on Monday. One hundred and twenty lashes on his bare back was the sentence of the Court. The punishment was bestowed with great heartiness by the boatswain's mate, and submitted to by the prisoner, not only without complaining or flinching, but with perfect indifference. He is a man of great muscle, and immense power of endurance, and while on board the Ontario, he proposed receiving two dozen lashes, rather than to have his grog stopped for a couple of days. While on his trial, Com. Perry, at the instance of another member of the Court, directed that he should be furnished with a seat, supposing that standing for several successive hours every day, must be painful to him, but Livingston rejected the proffered kindness, and stood firm and erect through the whole trial. After the sentence of the court was known, some humane individuals suggested the propriety of petitioning the President to mitigate the severity of the punishment, but Livingston spurned the idea, and said he was ready to take it all.

Several of the Wall street papers, who are always *au fait* in every thing relating to fashionable life, said Livingston was connected with some of our first families. It may be so; still, he is a stout, ferocious looking mulatto.

The Caught Stool Pigeon.

We find that our remarks upon the enormity of "stool-pigeoning" have not only contributed materially to bring the system into disrepute in this city, but have opened the eyes of many who were before ignorant of its existence among us, and stirred up a feeling on the subject that must exert a very healthy influence upon the habits of our police. We were determined that *one* villain, at least, who we believed to be a regular *employed* in the business, should not go unknown, and hence, day after day, we pointed out his whereabouts and conduct, alluded to his infamous character and associations, and tracked his suspicious movements until his apprehension became a matter of necessity, and he was compelled to share the treatment as well as the ill name of his less fortunate companions. Of course we allude to the notorious Bill Wood. We mentioned on Saturday his arrest at Washington. It was effected through the instrumentality of High Constable Young, who wrote to High Constable Cook of Baltimore, too late to capture the fellow in that city, however, but in time to pursue and overtake him in the Congressional city. The reason given for his non-arrest while walking the streets of Philadelphia with all the boldness and independence of an honest man, was the insufficiency of the evidence against him, but we suspect it was because of his usefulness in "the trade," and that if we had not denounced him as we did that he would at this day have been a "gentleman of leisure," preying with convenient impunity upon the pockets of the public. The next thing is, will he be convicted?

THE SPECIE CLAUSE.—The Collector of the port of New York has given notice that from Tuesday last one-quarter the duties must be paid in specie.

Political Intelligence.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.*—Richard M Gaines, to be Attorney of the United States for the Southern District of Mississippi, for the term of four years, his former term of service having expired.

CONSULS.—J. A. B. Leonard, for the port of Barcelona, in Spain, in the place of Joseph Borras, to whom the Spanish Government has declined issuing an Exequatur.

Joseph Binda, for the port of Leghorn, in the place of Thomas Appleton, deceased.

John Martin Baker, for the port of Neuvitas, in the island of Cuba.

DEPUTY POSTMASTERS.

Henry M. Tilley, at Georgetown, D. C.
George Schley, Savannah, Ga.
Frederick Lims, Macon, Georgia.
Robert Davis, Concord, New Hampshire.
John Rigney, Frederick, Maryland.
Alvin Hunt, Watertown, New York.
Henry F. Baker, Winchester, Virginia.
John S. Roberts, Springfield, Illinois.
John R. Chiles, Jackson, Mississippi.
George F. Baltzell, Apalachicola, Florida.
Ephraim Mills, Burlington, Vermont.
John Schley, Columbus, Georgia.
Jonathan J. Coddington, New York, N. Y.
Samuel Cushman, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.
Asa Green, Brattleboro', Vermont.
Nathaniel Greene, Boston, Massachusetts.
Simeon Bailey, New Bedford, Massachusetts.
Joseph Couch, Newburyport, Massachusetts.
Thomas Shepherd, Northampton, Mass.
Robert R. Carr, Newport, Rhode Island.
Edward J. Mallett, Providence, Rhode Island.
Gideon Welles, Hartford, Connecticut.
Albert Lester, Canandaigua, New York.
Godfrey J. Grosvenor, Geneva, New York.
Ebenezer Mack, Ithaca, New York.
Hezekiah W. Scovell, Lockport, New York.
Jacob Van Benthuysen, Poughkeepsie, New York.
Jonas Earll, Jr. Syracuse, New York.
Isaac McConihe, Troy, New York.
Augustine G. Danby, Utica, New York.
James Peacock, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.
Mary Dickson, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.
James Page, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Nicholas G. Williamson, Wilmington, Delaware.
Eleazer P. Kendrick, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Bela Latham, Columbus, Ohio.
Sheldon McKnight, Detroit, Michigan.
Daniel Bryan, Alexandria, District of Columbia.
John D. Murrell, Lynchburgh, Virginia.
Thomas Shore, Petersburg, Virginia.
John McRae, Fayetteville, North Carolina.
Thomas G. Scott, Raleigh, North Carolina.
Alfred Huger, Charleston, South Carolina.
Benjamin Rawls, Columbia, South Carolina.
Neil Blue, Montgomery, Alabama.
Marcus B. Winchester, Memphis, Tennessee.
Robert Armstrong, Nashville, Tennessee.
Joseph Ficklin, Lexington, Kentucky.
John Scott, Vincennes, Indiana.
John Cain, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Wm. H. Jones, New Haven, Connecticut.
Pruden Alling, Newark, New Jersey.
Smith Jackson, Erie, Pennsylvania.
William Burke, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Reuben T. Thom, Fredericksburg, Virginia.
Thomas Watson, St. Louis, Missouri.
Woodson Wren, Natchez, Mississippi.
J. K. Morehead, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
George Rathbun, Auburn, New York.

Pay During the Recess.

Great dissatisfaction appears to prevail throughout the State in regard to the act of the legislature in voting themselves *seventy-five dollars* each, for pay between the general and special session. *Fifteen thousand dollars* have thus been wrongfully drawn from a treasury already impoverished, when a few days continuance of the general session, in accordance with the wish of the Governor, might been saved the State most of the money. The following are the yeas and nays upon this *holiday pay* measure.

YEAS—Messrs. Albright, Barstow, Bonsall, Bruner, Church, Colt, Cox, Crabb, Evans, Field, Fisher, Ford, George, Gratz, Griffin, Griffiths, Hegins, (Northumberland) Higgins, (Huntingdon) Helffenstein, Herr, Hinchman, Hoge, (Greene) Holmes, Jones, Kauffman, Kintzel, Lee, Love, M'Clure, Morgan, Neff, Penniman, (Philadelphia) Penniman, (Allegheny) Smith, Watts, Wilcox, Zerlin—37.

NAYS—Messrs. Anderson, Andrews, Bailey, Benner, Brodhead, Coolbaugh, Crispen, Darsie, Flenniken, Flick, Fogel, Goodwin, Graham, Hartshorne, Hill, Hoge, (Mercer) Hottenstein, Hummel, Johnston, Kutz, Leidy, M'Kinney, M'Kinstry, Nill, Park, Roberts, Schogner, Snodgrass, Snowden, Snyder, Stickel, Stinebecker, Wilson, Zimmerman, Hopkins, (Speaker)—35.

In the Senate:

YEAS—Messrs. Barclay, Brooke, Case, Ewing, Fleming, Fraily, (Schuylkill) Frailey, (Philadelphia) Hays, Maclay, Miller, (Adams) Miller, (Berks) Myers, Patterson, Pearson, Penrose, Purviance, Sparkman, Stevenson, Williams and Kingsbury.—20.

NAYS—Messrs. Brown, Bell, Caldwell, Coplan, Killinger, Plumer, Rogers, Shortz, Snyder, Sterigere and Strohm—11.

RECEIVER GENERAL.—We learn from the Boston Post, that Isaac Hill has been nominated to the Senate by the President, for the office of the Receiver General of New England—to reside at Boston. The editor of the Post thinks it doubtful however, whether Mr Hill will accept the appointment.

INGERSOLL AND NAYLOR.—In the Committee of Elections to the House, on Tuesday last, it was decided by a vote of five to three that Mr. Naylor, of the Third District, was duly elected a representative to Congress, and that Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll was not.

General News.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.—An inquest was to have been held on Tuesday in New York, upon the body of an Irishman named Paul Grace, who died under the following strange circumstances. A few weeks since, Paul was engaged to be married to a young woman who resides in Brooklyn, and this week was fixed on for the wedding. A few days before the arrangement, however, he had a difficulty with his landlady, which he settled by paying $50. On Sunday Paul said he was ill, and the woman he boarded with gave him brandy and pepper, as she says, which he took and died.

A DUEL, BUT NO DEATH.—A duel took place at Hoboken on Tuesday last between Mr. Mitchell, the Manager of the Olympic theatre, New York, and Mr. Nichols, one of the editors of the Sunday Mercury, and a reporter for the N. Y. "Times." A short time ago they were great friends, but lately fell out. The duel was occasioned by Mr. Nichols, who is a small person, and who challenged Mitchell for personal abuse, which abuse was elicited by an attack on M. in the Mercury. Neither party were injured by the fire, and a reconciliation took place immediately afterwards.

THE LAST INDIAN ATTACK.—The Journal of Commerce has been informed that the alleged attack of Indians on the steamboat Irwinton, was a mere spree got up for the purpose of frightening a Polish Jew Pedlar on board. The various gentlemen spoken of acted the parts related, and some of the rest personified Indians, and fired at the boat, and actually perforated the wheel house with bullets. So deep was the impression made upon the pedlar of the reality of the whole scene, that it was impossible to make him believe the truth. A very pretty joke, truly, for sensible men to perpetrate!

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.—It would really seem as if the eye of Heaven had marked out for special punishment, the offenders against good government, however the vengeance of the law may fail to overtake them in their career. Captain Warren, one of the villains that burned the Caroline, while Navy Island was occupied by the "Patriots," undertook recently in Upper Canada, to describe with savage delight the manner in which he had murdered an American, whom he had discovered on board, when he suddenly fell back and expired.

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—The New York Signal remarks, that there is at length a prospect of a speedy prosecution of the plan for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama. An enterprising company in Paris, after taking the necessary preliminary steps, has sent out a ship freighted with engineers, laborers, tools, etc. and it has probably, by this time, arrived at the mouth of the *Chagres*, ready to commence active operations. It is astonishing that the execution of this project has been so long delayed.

AFFAIRS IN CANADA.—The Governor General of the Canadas, left Quebec on the 3d inst., for Halifax, to settle if possible the disquieting differences between the Legislature of Nova Scotia and the Lieutenant Governor.

Sir Richard Jackson, commander of the forces, administers the government in the absence of Mr. Thomson.

The Governor General has authorised the issue of $20,000 for the relief of indigent and sick emigrants.

FROM TEXAS.—The Texan man-of-war steam ship Zavala, Capt. Lathrop, arrived on the 30th ult. at New Orleans from Texas, bringing dates later than those previously received. Nothing new of importance. The Picayune says,—The probability is that the Texans are determined to take possession of all the territory on this side of the Rio Grande, and if they do not next pounce upon Metamoras, we are mistaken. Canales, the Mexican Federal leader, is at Galveston.

ATTEMPT AT MURDER AND SUICIDE.—Robert Drolan and Thomas Butterby, quarrelled in New York lately. B. got out a warrant against Drolan. He was enraged, and when B. entered his shop on Wednesday last, he seized a large carving knife, inflicted a deep wound on B.'s throat and another on his face. He then ran and jumped into the North river, but was dragged out and commited to prison. B. was not fatally, though seriously cut.

VIOLENT DEATHS.—The Coroner held inquests in New York on Wednesday, on the bodies of—Elizabeth Magee, an unfortunate girl, who took laudanum, to release her from life's troubles—John Gallaghan, who got drunk, fell overboard from a boat and was drowned, on the 1st inst—Matthew McGovern, a boy, who, driven from a wharf where he was at play, fell in the dock and was drowned—James Duffy, who was run over on the 4th by the Harlaem railroad cars.

BANK OF VIRGINIA.—The last Richmond Star says: "They are hard at work counting the money in the Cashier's vault at the Bank of Virginia and the signs are unequivocal that the cashier will swallow the bitter pill quietly. He is much troubled about the matter, in which he shows little wisdom; for sighs and tears never mended the fortunes of a man. They are women's weapons."

FIRE AT THE HOOK.—We learned, last evening, ☞ the New York Herald, that Mr. Brewer's house was burning on the Hook, at two o'clock, yesterday (Monday) afternoon. The roof had fallen in, and the building was probably totally destroyed. The light house was connected with the dwelling, but as it is of stone and iron only, it of course did not burn.

STEAMBOAT LOST.—The steamer Corsican was wrecked on the 25th ult., above Baton Rouge, on her way from New Orleans to St. Louis. While under way her shaft suddenly broke, the fly-wheel got loose, and part of her machinery forced its way through her bottom, sinking her in ten minutes.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.—A little girl in New York, on Sunday afternoon, was playing in a room on the second floor of a house, when she undertook to look out of a window and fell out upon the pavement. She died directly. How careful mothers should be to keep their children from open windows.

HELP FOR THE HATTERS.—The application of the hatters of New York City and State for relief from the importation of foreign fur bodies and silk hats, has, it seems, been successful; the bill embodying the protection sought for has passed both houses of Congress.

MURDERED.—Orange L. Bolwell, a discharged soldier, was murdered at Prairie du Chien, on the 30th May, by another discharged soldier, a "bogus" money maker, who left the country immediately. Bolwell was one of the gang, and it was thought was about to leave the company and inform upon them.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. George N. Luther, a painter, engaged in painting the roof of the Phenix Factory, in Providence, fell to the ground and was killed. He struck first upon the roof of the picker house, and cut his side, severing the main artery.

INTENT TO KILL.—In Baltimore, on Sunday, a negro named Philip Mayberry was arrested by police officer James and some watchmen, and brought before Justice Wright, charged with stabbing, with intent to kill, John Linkenfelter, a white man.

CAPTAIN APPLEBY'S CASE.—At the last sitting of the Sandusky (Ohio) Sessions, this matter was called up and a *nolle pros* entered by the District Attorney, in consequence of the non-appearance of the girl.

THE HORSE "WAGNER."—The New York Spirit of the Times of last week contained a handsome engraving of the horse Wagner, the champion of the south-west, by Prud'homme, from a print by Troye.

THE POST OFFICE BILL, recently reported in Congress, is dead for the present session. It met with so much opposition that the chairman of the committee consented to let it be passed over.

A PUBLIC SQUARE.—A Mr Cameron has presented the city of Baltimore with sufficient ground to form a public square. It is located on the Bell-air road, at the eastern end of the city. It contains plenty of trees.

FIRE IN BOSTON.—In Boston on Saturday last a fire took place, and consumed a grocery store, restaurateur, and wheelwright shop. All insured.

A SHARK.—A shark seven feet in length was caught at Catharine street wharf, New York, one day last week.

MEETING OF THE GOVERNORS.—The Governors of all the New England States have been invited to the Cunard festival, on the arrival of the Brittannia.

CANAL BREAK.—On the 8th inst. a heavy break took place in the James River Canal at about five miles from the city of Richmond.

BODY RECOVERED.—The body of William Perry, mate of the brig Virginia, who drowned himself last week, was found in the Delaware yesterday.

STABBING A WIFE.—J. M'Mullin is being tried in Brooklyn, for stabbing his wife with a knife.

CINCINNATI NEWS.—It comes to us coloured. It is a good paper.

PASSED AT SEA.—The Great Western was passed at sea on the 3d inst. in lat. 39 45, and long 60 50.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has declared the act of the Legislature, classifying the associate judges of the State, to be unconstitutional. A decision by President Judge, James M. Porter, in which he vacated the commission of one of the associate judges of Schuylkill county, was taken up by writ of error, and reversed on that ground, by the Supreme Court.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The steamer Chester, Captain Cable, on the 1st instant from New Orleans for St. Louis, collapsed two of her flues about twenty miles above the former city, killing the mate and three other persons, also scalding four others so severely that their lives are despaired of. The Chester was towed back to the city by the steamer Ajax.

COMMODORE HULL AND HIS OFFICERS.—The lieutenants and surgeon sent home from the Mediterranean squadron by Commodore Hull, because they would not associate with the ladies of his family, have received orders from the Department to return to their respective commands. The Commodore will return next, we suppose, "in disgust."

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—A contract has been made by the Postmaster General for a steamboat and rail road line from New York to Boston, via New London, Norwich and Worcester, with a car on the Norwich and Worcester railroad arranged as a travelling post office for a clerk of the department, for receiving and assorting mails.

FORGERY IN WASHINGTON.—It said that a clerk in one of the Departments at Washington has been detected in forging the name of the chairman of a committee three times to a paper, by the exhibition of which, he received his salary. He obtained three months' pay, while the committee was not in session, by the forgery.

FEEDING WORMS.—The Germantown Telegraph states that Mrs. Physic has twelve millions of worms feeding, Mr. Ripka three millions, Col. Smith two and a half millions, Mr. Peirce and Mr. Osler, a vast quantity besides. Truly we had no idea that the business was progressing at such a rate.

NOT GUILTY.—Jefferson Griffith has been tried in Baltimore for the murder of McLaughlin, at the procession of the Whig convention last March, and has been acquitted. Several persons swore that they were with him at a distance from the scene when the murder occurred.

AN OLD HAND.—The Nantucket Islander states that, at the recent sheep shearing in that town, among the operatives at the pens, was the venerable Daniel Allen, who has attended *eighty* successive shearings, never having missed one since the year 1760, at which time he was five years old.

DEALING IN LOTTERY POLICIES.—On Thursday a man named Joseph Scott was brought before Ald. McLean of Moyamensing, charged with being concerned in selling and employing others to sell lottery policies. He was required to give bail in $500 to answer at the General Sessions.

SLAVERS BEATING THE BRITISH.—A British cruiser was beaten last February by three slave vessels near the Island of Grand Caymana, W. Indies. The slavers fired into and shattered the man of war's boat, and went into Cuba with flying colors. One other slaver is supposed to be wrecked.

STEALING MONEY.—On Tuesday a colored girl, named Mary Robinson, was committed by Alderman McLean, of Moyamensing, for robbing a man named S. Smith, of a small amount of money, in notes and specie.

LET THE LIGHT BE CHEAP.—The Gas has been reduced in price in Baltimore twelve and a half per cent. Everybody can now afford to have light in their houses, and need not work like moles in darkness.

A SERIOUS FALL.—A young woman, named Mary E. Walker, fell from the garret window of a three-storied house in Baltimore on to the pavement, Wednesday evening, and was so seriously hurt she is not expected to live.

WAS IT EATEN BY THE MICE?—The Bank of Missouri lately shipped a quantity of gold and silver in kegs and bags in charge of a gentleman. When it arrived $23,000 was deficient. Nobody is charged with abstracting it.

LUCKY ESCAPE.—On Sunday, the 28th ult., a barouche containing a gentleman, his wife, and three children, was precipitated into the canal near New Orleans. Luckily all were rescued. Bad road that must be.

THE NEW CONTINENT.—It appears that the new continent announced as discovered by both the American and French explorers, was originally discovered in Feb. 1839, by a Mr. Balleny master of a British sealing vessel.

KEEP COOL.—They are kicking up a great fuss in Boston about the anticipated arrival of the Brittania. They had better keep cool. If they *will* get into hot water they can do so by means of her boilers when she arrives.

DIED OF HIS OWN PILLS.—A London paper states that the late Mr. Morrison, "the Hygeist," took fifty of his own pills on the day of his death, and refused to see a physician, alleging that if the pills did not cure him nothing else would.

PLENTY OF WOMEN.—By the census it seems, that there are 6029 more females in Boston, over 16 years of age, than males. Cause—the women seek their fortunes at home, the men to a great extent, elsewhere.

BLINDERS ON HORSES.—They are repudiating the use of blinders on horses in Boston, deeming them calculated to induce, rather than correct a disposition to shy.

SWALLOWING PERCUSSION CAPS.—A child, eighteen months old, died in Baltimore on Thursday in consequence of having the day before swallowed several percussion caps.

BOY BLOWN UP.—A boy named Bradley was blown up in Rochester city on the 4th, by a half pound cartridge, which he had abstracted from the ammunition box of one of the artillery wagons.

DROWNED.—A sailboat capsized at Charleston on the 4th inst., and all on board, Mr. Henry Humphreys, Mr. T. R. Horsey, and his son, Charles Horsey, drowned.

MURDERERS HUNG.—Five negroes of the late Mr. Alexander Atkinson, of Camden county, Geo. were hung on the 6th inst. at the spot where the murder of their late master was committed.

STEAMBOAT SUNK.—On the 8th inst. the steamer Wm. Paris sunk in five feet water, below Wheeling, having struck a log and torn off a plank. She went down in two minutes.

DEAD.—Mr. Jacob Waters, or rather Jacob Vandewater, who was so much injured by the bursting of a gun lately at Brooklyn, has since died.

A BAD BEGINNING.—A dancing master was arrested in Natchez for theft. He said that his first step in crime was the pilfering of a penny paper.

LETT, THE VILLAIN.—Lett, the escaped brigand, is amusing himself with publishing threats against British steamboats, in the form of proclamations.

COTTON PROSPECTS.—In Mississippi it is said to be unprecedented. The growth has been rapid, and the quantity great, beyond parallel.

PUMPKIN SUGAR.—In Hungary, they manufacture sugar from pumpkins. Seven pounds of pumpkin yield one of sugar.

FELL FROM A CART.—A boy was thrown from a cart in Boston on the 4th, and his head striking a curb stone, he was killed.

A LAUNCH.—At the New York Navy Yard, Wednesday afternoon, the sloop of war Boston was launched. She is to be fitted immediately.

A SEVERE LESSON.—A teacher of music was cowhided on Sunday last near Boston, by a sailor, for taking liberties with his wife.

CANNON BURSTED.—A cannon bursted on the 4th in Womelsdorf, Berks county, Pa. and killed one man, broke the legs of two, and wounded others.

THEY DIDN'T.—An attempt was made to rob a pedlar's wagon in Stoystown, Pa., on the 5th inst. but didn't succeed.

TO BE TRIED.—We perceive by the foreign news that the murderer of Lord William Russell, his own valet, has been committed in full for trial.

OF COURSE IT WAS GOOD.—W. G. Clark's address at Easton is highly spoken of in the papers of that place.

ACCIDENT.—A staging, with two men on it, fell in Boston on Thursday, and one man had his leg broken at the thigh.

RETAKEN.—One of the fellows that broke out of the Baltimore jail on Thursday was found on Friday in a grave yard some distance from the city.

ESCAPED FROM JAIL.—Eight men and women escaped from the St. Louis jail on the 3d inst.

FINDING MONEY.—We learn that on the 27th ult. in New Haven, an Irishman named Wm. Thompson, in excavating the earth from the foundation of a building discovered a brick vault in the cellar, about two feet square, and, on removing the planks that were laid upon the top, a stone jar presented itself, which was filled with doubloons and other pieces of gold, nearly all of which bore date prior to the year 1768. His wit prompted him to relay the planks for the night, and cover them over with dirt. He went shortly after and removed the whole of the money, and afterwards told his employer he was tired of work and left. He is said to have carried home three handkerchiefs full of gold.

BROKE JAIL.—Seven persons broke out of the Baltimore jail early on Thursday morning. Eleven of them gained the yard, but two blacks were there captured, besides a white man and another who fell and broke some of his ribs. The villains thus set at large are Capt. James Wilson, confined for passing counterfeit money; Charles Davis, alias Allen, on a charge of felony; and Edward Ryan, for stealing a watch, chain and key. These were all white men. The others, viz: Peter Rawlings, confined on a charge of felony; Daniels Williams, do; William Hutchings and Michael Fields, are all blacks.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Selma, Alab. Free Press announces that the Supreme Court of Alabama has decided in favor of the constitutionality of the "Real Estate Bank of South Alabama." The unconstitutionality of the Institution was pleaded by its debtors in bar of some actions brought to recover notes which it had discounted, and the plea was sustained by the Circuit Court. The Judges have unanimously reversed this decision, and pronounced the late law of the Legislature against this and similar institutions to be unconstitutional and void.

LATER FROM MEXICO.—By the brig Gabrielacho, at New York, from Laguira, in 22 days, we learn that Campeachy capitulated on the 6th ult., and that the Government troops were sent to Vera Cruz at the expense of the Federalists. The states of Yucatan and Tabasco had entered into a treaty of mutual protection against Mexico. A force had gone from Yucatan to assist in driving the Centralists from Mexico. Logwood had become scarce in consequence of the revolution. All the wood choppers had turned soldiers.

SUDDEN DEATH.—In Waltham, Mass. on the 3d inst., a Mr. Farrell, who had been absent two years, and only returned home two days before, was playing with a pistol, and telling his sister that as it was dangerous he would take it out and discharge it, when it went off as he looked in its muzzle, driving a ball through the centre of his forehead into his brain, where it remained. He died in an hour.

THE THIRST FOR MONEY.—Speaking of the late fire in Schenectady, New York, the Albany Bee says, "It broke out in the stable of Mr. M'Michael, a tavern-keeper, in Washington street, and that it was set on fire by his bar-keeper, a young man named Glen, who did it for the purpose of concealing the theft of $80 which he had stolen from his employer. Glen has been secured, and the money recovered."

THE SHAD FISHING.—The Yarmouth Register avers that a vessel's crew belonging to Barnstable, last week enclosed *five hundred barrels* in their seine at one time. On account of the multitude of the fish taken, they were unable to dress and salt the whole. These fish, had they all been seasonably salted, would have brought in the market forty-five hundred dollars. A *good* haul for fishermen in these hard times.

WATER-PROOF BLANKETS.—The Globe speaks of blankets made by the Mechanic Manufacturing Company at Rochester, N. Y., that had undergone a process which makes them perfectly water-proof. They are warranted to be impervious to both water and damp air, and might serve for a cloak by day, a tent by night, and a very comfortable bed cover at all times for the soldiers on the frontier.

CROPS IN VIRGINIA.—The Virginia papers state that the rye has been almost a total failure. The wheat and oats throughout the valley will probably yield a scant average crop—the oats rather more—the wheat will fall short of it, being partially injured by the rust within the last ten days. The crops of grass have been abundant, and well secured.

CAN'T SURVIVE.—A man named Jacob Waters, was mutilated on Friday, at Brooklyn, by the premature discharge of a cannon. He was ramming home the charge, when the piece went off, shattering his arm in pieces, and bruising his breast in a shocking manner. His bruised and blackened body presented an appalling spectacle.

SERIOUS SPORT.—On Sunday, the 28th ult. in Norwich, Conn. a little boy, with his sister, went into a shed, and threw fire from a burning coal into a keg containing 14 pounds of gunpowder. They then ran, and strange to say, the boy escaped unhurt. The girl was so severely burned that she died in 3 hours.

PATENT BULLET MOULD.—The editor of the Baltimore Sun has seen a patent by which from 100 to 1000 balls can be cast in five minutes; the expedition of the process depending upon the size of the mould, which may be increased to cast 5000 in the same time, with little or no neck.

ACCIDENT.—A boy attempting on Friday last, in Baltimore, to jump behind a carriage, fell and was caught by the wrist with a spike two and a half inches long, which penetrated the wrist, and the boy was thus dragged for some distance. A doctor heard it and rescued him.

JUST SAVED HIS LIFE.—A man was thrown from a cart in Baltimore on Saturday, and as he fell his thigh caught on one of the hooks, to which part of the harness was attached, causing a severe laceration, and a copious effusion of blood. He luckily saved his life however.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—A young man named John Christopher, was lately killed by lightning, near Linneus, in the State of Missouri, and a man by the name of Rutledge, a traveller, was killed on the 14th ult., in the same way.

THE RASCALS.—It seems that the robbers and desperadoes of Texas attack and pillage a town, and then leave behind bows and arrows, to induce the inhabitants to conclude that it is the work of savages. They have been exposed in various recent instances.

HE SHOT HIM.—John B. Slaughter shot a Mr. Joseph W. Pledge on Thursday last, in Blanford, Va. They quarrelled, one threw a brick at the other when S. followed P. with a pistol and shot him dead. The murderer was arrested.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—A man was knocked down, run over and killed, by a railroad in Amsterdam, New York, on the 9th inst. On Tuesday, a similar accident occurred on the road between Syracuse and Cayuga, New York.

FEMALE SUICIDE.—A girl in Albany, a domestic in a family, took arsenic on Wednesday last and killed herself. Her name was Harriet Foster; she was only 22. Love was the cause, probably.

OF COURSE HE WAS CRAZY.—The Herald says.—"Thomas Dowling, alias Doolan, who cut the throat of Thomas Butterly, on Thursday last, has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum as insane, now-a-days"!

SCALDED TO DEATH.—A little girl named Bradley, in West Haven, Conn., fell into a kettle of boiling water on the 8th inst. and was so much scalded as to die in a few hours.

DIED ON A SUDDEN.—A young man named Compton was riding in a wagon on the 3d inst., towards Boonville, Mo., when he suddenly expired. Cause unknown.

ANOTHER MURDER.—On Tuesday in New York a man named Jeremiah Haley, pushed in a quarrel a Mr. Thompson, who fell against a barrel and was killed. Deceased has a family in New Jersey.

A POWERFUL ENGINE.—A fire engine to be worked by forty men, was recently built in London. It discharges one hundred and seventy gallons of water per minute.

QUICK TRAVELLING.—A gentleman arrived in Norfolk to breakfast on Friday morning, who dined in Havana on the fourth. He came by the way of Charleston and the railroad.

☞ On the 1st inst., at New Orleans, during a storm, two persons were struck dead, and one so injured that he died in a few hours afterwards.

SUICIDE.—A respectable citizen of Coxsackie, named Samuel Van Orden shot himself on Monday last. Want of money was the cause.

SAD ACCIDENT.—A Mr. C. B. Polk shot his brother a few days ago in Panola, Miss. in mistake for a deer.

CONSUL FOR VENEZUELA.—The President has recognized Victor de la Cova, as Consul for the republic of Venezuela for the port of Philadelphia.

ROBBERY.—Some fellows broke into a store in Somerset, Pa., on the 6th, and robbed it of considerable money.

A MAD DOG.—In New York on Sunday a mad dog was killed *after* he had bitten two girls and four hogs.

PILFERY ALL ROUND.—A boy, named Maier, lately broke into and robbed the store of a Mr. Hall, in Boston. He was caught, tried and sent to prison. His father afterwards accused Mr Hall, and the officers that arrested his boy of stealing certain spoons from his house, &c., and brought an action against them. On the trial, another son named Joseph swore to the theft, and was afterwards indicted for perjury and convicted. Subsequent to that again Maier himself and his wife, were both indicted for perjury in the trial of their last son, and also convicted and sent to prison. A pretty collection of perjured ones they were. An oath was not much in such a family.

POETIC CANDY MAKER.—We have seen verses upon every subject, (some of them of a tolerable quality) but we must confess that the poem published in the New York Signal as an advertisement of "Pease's Horehound Candy," is surprisingly out of the common way. The first verse commences:

> I knew a lovely, gentle girl,
> With bright blue eyes and auburn hair,
> Which fell in many a straggling curl
> Upon a brow surpassing fair;
> And half beneath the silken lash
> Appeared the soft, yet brilliant eye, &c.

If Pease don't sell candy on the faith of such lines, Parnassus should remain an uncultivated locality.

MORE LIBEL.—Mr. Roberts, of the Boston Times, has been indicted for a libel on Mrs. Mary Buckman, in an editorial article entitled "Making an impression." He pleaded not guilty, and gave bonds. Pshaw! what nonsense. Every scapegrace that finds his wickedness exposed to the public, through the instrumentality of newspapers, turns around now-a-days and sues its editor for a libel. And what does he get? Laughed at for his pains, while the lawyers pocket his cash in fee-money.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.—The New York Tattler of Tuesday, speaks of a justice Stevens, who officiated as master of ceremonies in a marriage at the police office the day before. A young woman brought up a young man as father of a child whose arrival is expected. The culprit, who did not deny the impeachment, proposed marriage as atonement, and the ceremony was then and there celebrated. A happy union it will undoubtedly be, formed under such auspices.

A PICKPOCKET CAUGHT.—A fellow called English Tom, was arrested on Saturday, for picking a pocket in Jersey, while following the Vice President's progress. On searching him, the wallet was not found, but the officers discovered a sealed package containing $241, which he has no doubt stolen. Various other monies were found on him, the produce of some of Tom's speculations. The rogue is detained in custody.

A SURGICAL OPERATION.—The New York Star speaks of a cure of one of those not unfrequent cases of permanently flexed leg, by means of the contracted condition of the tendons in the hollow of the knee joint. The one in question was operated upon on Wednesday, at Brooklyn, by dividing the tendons as in the case of club-foot. There is every reason to hope that the boy, who is eight years of age, will recover with a straight leg.

OLD MR. WELLER.—The best thing we have seen lately in Humphrey's Clock, is old Weller's description of the dying barber. It is in Boz's happiest vein. The idea of the fellow's shaving all his men on his death-bed, and finishing off by cutting his own hair, and making one flat-curl in the middle of his fore head, is the funniest we have met with for some time.

WYOMING MASSACRE.—A monument is now in progress of erection, to commemorate this melancholy event in the early history of our country. It is going up on that spot, in the beautiful Valley of Wyoming, which became the grave of three hundred butchered men. The material of the structure, the Wilkesbarre Pennsylvanian states, is a grey compact sandstone, having the appearance of a dark granite.

STOLEN, OR NOT STOLEN.—The Hartford Courant states that Mr. Stanley, manufacturing jeweller, of the firm of Stanley & Churchill, of that city, was last week robbed of his trunk, containing $3000 worth of jewellery, while on his passage to Boston. The trunk was afterward found by the road side in Springfield, and $2000 of the property still in it.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—The St. Louis Gazette of the 3d inst. says—"The steamer Ariel, on her passage to this port at the mouth of the Illinois river, was run into by the Troubadour, which carried away a portion of the wheel-house, and otherwise injuring the boat. Had there not been a large quantity of wood on her guard at the time, she must have immediately sunk."

PUBLISHING A LOTTERY.—Charles King, Esq., Editor of the New York American, indicted before the Court of Sessions for misdemeanor, for publishing the lottery advertisement of the recent exploded mammoth humbug, has withdrawn his plea of not guilty, and plead guilty, with the privilege of putting in affidavits.

CONGRESS.—Nothing important was done in Congress on Tuesday. A debate was gotten up involving Gen. Scott and Jessup, in which Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, charged Gen. Scott with a great variety of misdemeanors unbecoming the statesman and the epaulette.

AN UNNATURAL FATHER.—A Frenchman in New Orleans stabbed his little daughter on the 4th instant as she was running to embrace him. His wife had imprisoned him before as a dangerous person. His daughter obtained his release, and a stab with a long Spanish knife in the breast was her reward.

S. L. FAIRFIELD.—Sumner Lincoln Fairfield is in Montreal, with his wife, soliciting subscriptions for a work to contain his life and writings with a portrait. It strikes us that Mr. F. is capable of making a living much more effectually with his hands than with his head.

PROBABLE MURDER.—The inquest held in New York yesterday on Paul Grace (and which we spoke of yesterday) terminated in a decision by the physicians that the deceased had died from inflammation of the stomach, and that there was a strong presumption that his death had been caused by poison.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—To remove a tight stopple from a decanter, vial, &c., wet a cloth with hot water, and apply it to the neck of the bottle; the glass will expand, and the neck will be enlarged, so as to allow the stopple to be easily withdrawn.

SUICIDE.—Alfred A. Young, of Jewett's City, Connecticut, retired to a room in Providence, Rhode Island, lately, and soon after was found with his throat cut.

A SUICIDE.—A woman, called Adeline Brown, took laudanum on Tuesday, in New York, and killed herself; she was 73 years of age.

THAT RAILROAD.—The first instalment of $100,000 on the railroad between Boston and Albany, was paid in last Monday.

HOT CORN!—Hot corn is being cried in New York treets already.

MOBILE.—Mobile is full of incendiaries. They are trying hard to burn down the city.

Water Coolers and Filterers.

In passing a few days since by the establishment of D. Evans, in 2d street, we noticed a large Filterer capable of Filtering *one gallon of water per minute.* We also noticed in front of the store a water cooler exposed to the sun with the thermometer on the outside at 119½ whilst the thermometer in the inside of the cooler stood at 37.

Cruelty to Apprentices.

Several cases have lately come up before Alderman Manderfield, of Southwark, in which masters were charged with various acts of ill-treatment towards their apprentices—for instance, corporeal punishment unduly severe and without sufficient grounds for its infliction, denying the apprentices sufficient and proper food and clothing, requiring them to perform the most menial offices, using them in every way more like slaves than sons; and even, in some instances, compelling them to attend on the Sabbath, contrary to their own and the express wishes of their parents and guardians, churches, the tenets of which were opposed to those of the church in which they had been reared, taught, and did conscientiously believe,—thereby literally depriving them of the sacred right which the laws of their country and their God guarantied them.

Two striking cases have come up before the Alderman within the last few days. In the first Robert Newton was plaintiff and Mosling Gier, defendant. In the second Peter Cliferty was plaintiff, and W. P. Clark, defendant. The Alderman in both cases reprimanded the defendants, directed the plaintiffs to return to their masters, and decided that the masters had no right to coerce them, (the plaintiffs,) in opposition to their belief, in the matter of religion, and signified his intention of binding the defendants over to court in the event of any future complaint.

On Monday, Cliferty (one of the plaintiffs named above) appeared before the Alderman, and stated that his master (Clark) had repeated his ill-treatment, and had beaten him severely for having sworn against him at the magistrate's office. The Alderman immediately issued a warrant and had Clark arrested again. When brought to the office he admitted having beaten Cliferty, and when asked by the Alderman why he did it, said "I did it because he (Cliferty) dared to face me down," or in other words did it because the boy had told the truth when placed upon his oath. After a hearing the Alderman held the defendant to bail in $100, to answer at the General Sessions.

Attack on a Steam-Boat by Indians.

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 3d inst. publishes the following bold description on the authority of a gentleman just from Florida.

"The steamboat Irwinton, Capt. Brown, from Apalachicola bound to Columbus, when below Irwinton, and above the military post, was fired into from the shore, by Indians. The Irwinton had 15 passengers, 3 of whom were ladies.—Captain Brown, having suspected Indians were in the neighborhood, advised his passengers to retire to the cabin.—They had only done so, when a volley was fired, killing the cabin boy. The Indians fired from both shores. Some of the bullets passed through the cabin, and the passengers threw themselves upon the floor, and escaped the shots. The pilots also cast themselves upon the deck, and were unhurt. The captain was at this time below, crowding the fires. An alarm was now given that the boat was crowded with Indians, "and we are lost."

Alongside the boat was a loaded barge which she was towing up, on which they first got, and then entered the steamer. Eleven of these scoundrels came off in a canoe, three of whom, in jumping to the barge, capsized the canoe with the other eight, who were passed floating down. Two of the Indians who got on board the Irwinton, were killed by the engineer and mate, who knocked them down with wrenches, and threw them into the wheel where they were torn to pieces. The third, who appeared to be the leader, and who supposed his men were with him, entered the cabin calling loudly to the others to follow him. Most of the passengers had hid themselves, and the Indian posted himself at the head of the table, apparently waiting a moment for reinforcement. Mr. Hendricks seized a chair, as the only weapon of defence at hand, when the chief threw a chair at him across the table. Mr. Metchner, a stout man of about fifty years of age, then clasped the Indian in his arms from behind, and endeavored to force him out of the cabin. At this time the mate came in and stabbed him in the abdomen, and threw him also in the wheel."

Beranger in Philadelphia.

SUN AND SHADOW.

> My heart is a wasted field! said I,
> My heart is a blighted field;
> Its flowers 'neath a tyrant's footsteps lie,
> And its sturdiest roots must yield:
> There's a broken fence and a barren well,
> And a chill and "thatchless bield,"*
> And the morning wind with a mocking sigh
> Says—heart is a wasted field!
>
> My mind is a broken wing! said I,
> With a nerveless narrow sweep,
> And the warrior eagle fails to fly,
> And the eyried nestlings weep;
> And gusts come murmuring down the vale,
> Through the ruined weft to sing—
> And the mountain world hath its mocking tale,—
> My mind is a broken wing!
>
> My arm is a withered reed! said I,
> On a bare and sun scorched shore,
> And the strings of human energy
> Will freshen there no more;
> The fool may sneer as o'er a grave
> "Cup valour" waxing warm,
> Let the reed in its early promise wave,
> And I blush not for my arm!
>
> My hand is a prodigal! said I,
> That strives with mental rule;
> A fledgling, daring morning sky,
> A child let loose from school—
> That sows not with the prophet spring,
> And garners not with "fall"—
> And shrinks at last—a strengthless thing,
> Oh my hand is a prodigal!
>
> There's a price for earthly gifts! said I,
> My heart—my arm—and hand,
> In corruption's grasp may ever lie,
> Like wrecks on a desert strand.
> There's a sunbeam which the mind will mount,
> And an angel wing that lifts,
> The soul to the never failing fount,
> The price of all earthly gifts.

A. L. PICKERING

* Scotice.

SALES OF STOCKS.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

Shares		Stock	price sold for.	par
3944	shares	United States Bank,	71a72½	100
313	do.	Girard Bank,	40½a40¾	50
79	do.	Mechanics Bank,	30¼a30½	30
3	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	405	400
3	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	100¼	100
7	do.	Far & Mec. Bank,	35¼	50
106	do.	Commercial Bank,	53¾a54	50
11	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	46	100
3	do.	Planters Bank, Tenn.	70½	100
40	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. RR.	45¼a45¾	50
14	do.	Camden & Amboy RR.	107	100
42	do.	Reading RR.	27½a28	50
300	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	79	100
77	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	61¾a67	50
20	do.	Penn. Fire Ins. Co.	120	100
9	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	38	50

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money, with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, at this office, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 2d to the 15th July.

[illegible]

Review of the Philadelphia Market.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

July, 1840.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
18 SATURDAY,	4 45	7 15	3 5	
19 SUNDAY,	4 46	7 14	3 44	
20 MONDAY,	4 46	7 14	6 29	
21 TUESDAY,	4 47	7 13	7 14	
22 WEDNESDAY,	4 48	7 12	8 3	First 6 9 2
23 THURSDAY,	4 49	7 11	8 37	Full 14 11 20
24 FRIDAY,	4 50	7 10	9 33	Last 22 1 45
25 SATURDAY,	4 51	7 9	10 30	New 30 4 27

MARRIED,

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, EVAN J. WAY, to MARGARET M. daughter of the late Alexander Chambers, of Trenton, N. J.

On Tuesday morning, 14th inst. by Alderman Joseph Smith, Mr. JAMES CHADON, to Miss CATHARINE ROCKLIFF, all of Frankford, Philadelphia county.

On the 4th inst. by the same, BENJAMIN LINTON, to ANNA L. JACKSON, all of Spring Garden.

On Wednesday morning, 15th inst. by Samuel Rush, Recorder, JACOB P. JONES, to MARY THOMAS, all of this city.

On Thursday morning, 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Boddards, FELIX FORNARD, to ADELINE STEWART.

On Tuesday morning, 14th inst. at Christ Church, by the Right Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, D. D. JAMES GOODMAN, to CHARLOTTE L. daughter of William Duke, of N. York.

On Tuesday morning, 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, J. HENRY SMITH, to REBECCA J. daughter of Thomas Mitchell, Esq.

On the evening of June 9th by the Rev. John Chambers, ALEXANDER RIDDELL, to Miss JOSEPHINE, daughter of Joseph T. McMullin.

In Oswego, N. York, at the residence of Samuel B. Ludlow, Esq. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. John Gridley, Mr. CHARLES B. DUNCAN, to Miss EMELINE HARBERT, both of this city.

By the Rev. George Chandler on the evening of the 9th inst. Mr. HENRY HAMRICK, to Miss ANN ALLEN.

July 4th, by the Rev. Thomas Brainard, Mr. JOHN McDOWELL, to Miss SARAH JAYNE PAYNE, both of Providence township.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. WM. R. MOORHEAD, of Galena, Illinois, to Miss MARY ANN, youngest daughter of the late George C. Osborne, of this city.

On the evening of the 2d inst. at the First Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, HENRY M. KIMSEY, to Miss CAROLINE J. youngest daughter of George Wall.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. C. J. Carter, Mr. PETER MURRAY, of N. York, to Miss ELEANOR MARY, daughter of James Garvey, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kemp, Mr. WALKER MIFFLIN, to Mrs. ELIZA WEBB, all of Camden, Kent county, Delaware.

At Mount Joy, Lancaster county, Pa. on the 1st inst. by the Rev. T. M. Boggs, FRANCIS HOOPES, of New Brighton, Beaver county, to HANNAH ROGERS, of the former place.

On the 4th of June, by Alderman C. Brazier, Mr. THOMAS WIATT, to Miss RACHAEL CAROLINE CRAIG, daughter of the late Thomas Craig, of Montgomery county, Pa.

DIED,

On the 12th inst. Mrs. MARGARET LOCHREY, in the 36th year of her age.

On Monday afternoon, 13th inst. Mr. NOAH SIMMONS.

On Monday morning, 13th inst. in the 42d year of her age, Mrs. MARY McKEE, of the Northern Liberties.

Of bilious fever, on the 14th inst. in the 21st year of his age, JOSEPH CHAUVEAU.

On the 12th inst. aged 7 months, ALICE M. PALMER, daughter of J. W. and Mary M. Kirk.

On Tuesday, 14th inst. at noon, Mr. JOSEPH ANDERSON, Sr. in the 53d year of his age.

At Huntsville, (Alabama,) on the 30th ult. the Hon. WILLIAM SMITH, aged 78 years.

On Wednesday evening, 8th inst. RICHARD DALE, infant son of Henry and Mary Leiar, aged 9 months.

On Wednesday afternoon, 8th inst. Mr. ADAM HESCHMAN, in the 75th year of his age, after a few days illness.

On Thursday afternoon, 9th inst. WILLIAM TOWNSEND, infant son of William T. and Mary Donaldson, aged 10 months.

On Thursday morning, 9th inst. in the 94th year of his age, JOHN DOUGLASS, Esq. formerly Sheriff of the county of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. MARY McGUIRE, in the 52d year of her age.

Of consumption, on the 9th inst. JOHN EMORY, son of Erastus and Anna Myra Poulson, aged 11 months and 4 days.

On the 12th inst. Mr. WILLIAM ELLIS, in the 40th year of his age.

On Sunday, 12th inst. Mr. JOHN MOYN, in the 65th year of his age, after a long and protracted sickness of many months, which he bore with Christian fortitude and resignation.

On the morning of the 13th inst. after a lingering illness, Dr. THOMAS BISHOP, in the 93d year of his age.

On Saturday, 11th inst. Mr. PATRICK BRADY, in the 70th year of his age, after a few days illness.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH FERREE, in the 82d year of her age.

On Sabbath day, 12th inst. in the 35th year of her age, JANE MERRIES, wife of Robert Buist.

On the 11th inst. Mr. ROBERT PULLEN, aged 77 years.

On the 12th inst. HANNAH FRAUL, widow of the late Dr. Isaac Fraul, in the 54th year of her age.

On the evening of the 11th inst. in the 19th year of his age, ARTHUR WILLIAM, second son of Arthur M. Howell.

On Saturday morning, 11th inst. at 9 o'clock, of a lingering illness which she bore with Christian fortitude, Miss JOANNA SHORE.

On Friday, 10th inst. JOSEPH FINLEY, son of Peter William, in the 12th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. Mr. JAMES HAYTER, aged 69 years.

In West Philadelphia, on the 9th inst. GEO. DAVIS, in the 44th year of his age, late of Chester county, Pa.

In Baltimore, on the 3d inst. EDWARD HOFFMAN, in the 38th year of his age, formerly of this city.

On the 30th ult. at his residence, in Hopewell township, Mr. DAVID M'CALLISTER, Sr. aged 72 years. The deceased has been for nearly fifty years an inhabitant within the borough of this county, and always sustained the highest character for integrity and virtue.

At Richmond, Va. on Sunday morning last, JOS. MARX, Esq. in the 70th year of his age.

Health Office, July 11, 1840.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 4th to the 11th July.

[illegible]

Sales by Auction.

[illegible]

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

From the Eastern Democrat.

Song.

on "old uncle ned."

Old Brooklyn's dead, that good old cow,
We now shall see her's dairies,
She had a pair of legs behind,
A pair of legs before.

Oh! she was gentle as a dove,
And knew no base design,
She had two horns her head above,
Like any other kine.

Her beauty, like a modern gent,
She never brought to view,
Nor made a noise on rainy days,
As other cattle do.

In winter she was fed on hay,
We on the fodder fare,
She gave eight quarts of milk a day,
On Sunday she gave none.

And just at sunset every night
She came home without fail;
She never felt disposed to fight,
And never kicked over the pail.

She sought her friends among other cows,
With whom she never fought,
She never kicked up any rows,
But always gave good mouth.

Oh! she was gracious to a fault,
Betrayed no side faces,
She never yet refused salt,
She wore a pair of ears.

She much by nature was endowed,
Though Cicero her path beat,
And all the other cattle bowed
Whenever her they met.

And now she's gone to her long home,
We mourn, and ever shall,
For every body said she was
A fine old animal.

Early Rising.—A patent had two sons, one of whom had addicted himself to the lazy practice of lying in bed to a late hour in the morning, while as the other accustomed himself to rising very early. The latter, in taking a walk one morning, found a pocket book containing a considerable amount of money. On returning to the house his father thus expostated upon the laudable practice of early rising to his other son, who was yet stretched out upon his bed:—"Jemmy, you see the folly of lying in bed so late, your brother, in taking an early morning walk, has found a wallet containing money; had you been up, perhaps, you would have found it." "Oh," replied the young hopeful, "had the loser of the money not walked abroad so early he would still be in possession of it—there's the folly of early rising!"

Dr. Jephson.—The late Clonmore Dowager of Cork was a lady possessed of high intellectual accomplishments, and her society was much courted by literary men, among whom may be mentioned Johnson, who was enchanted with her vivacity. In a conversati n with him one evening, she insisted that some of Burke's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected me." "Why," said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about, "that's because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she some time afterward mentioned this to him, he said, with equal truth and politeness, "Madame, if I had thought you so, I certainly should not have said it."

A Kentucky Negro.—The negroes of this state are actually the happiest part of the community—you hears them chanting and singing in every direction, and they seem also to have an abundance of leisure—they are also at very little pains to restrain their conversation or hearing in the presence of the whites. "By de debil, Sam Pipkin! heard one of them say to another, in Lexington, "fo' a nigger, if you is'nt de meanest man I ebber did see—whenever I want a nigger I get to be a gemman, but, by Golly! if you is'nt as mean as a white man."

Scarcity.—"Josiah, how many scruples are there in a drachm?"

"Don't know, sur."

"Well, then, recollect there are ten."

"O, its de, hay! wal, daddy takes his dram every morning without no scruples."

Godmothers.—A country clergyman, who wished to prepare the children of his parishioners for saying their catechism, asked a couple lad what his godfathers and godmothers did for him.—"Truly," replied Tony, "I dont know what they will have to do, but they have done little enough yet."

A Good Thing.—A very dull fellow once succeeded in raising a laugh after the following fashion: When a witty neighbor set the table in a roar, he exclaimed, as the laughter subsided, "By Jupiter, I would have said that myself, if I had only thought of it!"

A Parody Riddle.—"I will consent to all you desire," said a young female to her lover, "on condition that you give me what you have not, what you never can have, and yet what you can give me." What did she ask him for? A husband.

Professional.—Two distinguished philosophers took shelter under a tree during a heavy shower. At the same time one of them complaining that he felt the rain, "Never mind," replied the other, "there are plenty of trees; when this is wet through we will go to another."

Awkardness.—There are four things that look very awkward in a woman, viz: to see her undertake to whistle: to throw a stone at a dog: to smoke a cigar: and to climb over a garden fence.

Search-Line.—A person who married a pregnant, who drove him to desperation, and finally to death, just before dying requested a friend to have the following brief, yet pungent, inscription put on his tomb: "Slain by a Jaw Bone."

Truth in Man.—There is no truth in men," said a lady in company, "they are like musical instruments in the hands of the beholder's chose." "Indeed sir, madam," said a wit who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are lyers?"

Genius.—Genius is to be recognised, not so much by the richness of its foliage or luxuriance of growth, as by the peculiar individual character of the whole tree.

What is Repentance?—Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" said one of his brother judges to Curran. "Nothing but the head," he answered.

Beauty of Rich.—The politrice is the true emblem of a beautiful soul, with no rough bark or branches, but crowned with thick leaves and rich fruit.

Unfaithful.—It is hard for an elevated spirit to be happy. Everyone who sets out among mountains alone, pine away with longing when condemned to dwell in valleys.

Self-Praise.—When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits and his good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.

The Spiritual World.—The universe is doubly peopled, with souls and with spirits: but the latter are invisible, or only palely seen in the bright day-light of life.

Hereditary Music.—A man of excellent spirit should not be affected by good or bad fortune except to the reverse, like springs which are cool in the heat of the day, and warm at night.

Breakfast.—Genius must be nourished with realities, as the Romans used to make their children touch the earth, to learn to talk.

Tea Parties.—Tea-parties are huge washing machines, in which all the neighbors are thrown, to be ground about and mangled.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Old Homestead.

What a host of latent feelings, long suppressed or overgrown by the cares and wrinklings of the world, rise, like the lightning's flash over a cloudy sky, at the mention of those words. No—the lightning's flash is not a good simile. Though these feelings cross the mind as quickly, they are not as transitory as the electric spark; they remain, in the memory, connected with every thing softening the heart, and encouraging the kindlier arts of our nature, like the morning dew on an aerial plant.

In the remotest chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are held by many a hidden chain.
A wake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies.

First our fathers, their well known faces, and the well known principles they taught them while alive. Whose children, mothers, sisters, brothers, and a certain black-eyed, rosy-cheek'd, fair-hair'd cousin, is not the first remembered? Then our native country is palating. Thinking of the cooing doves we gave her, and the care and attention with which she nursed them, until the full conveyed all both them and their offspring "Home" home from whence their is no return." We drop a tear, and involuntarily feel for the lock of hair we cut from her wanton brow, when we left the home of our fathers, to seek for fame and home in one of the large cities, which steal like diamonds the golden dawn of our youth.

Then comes a crowd of minor recollections, each claiming a smile, either of joy or sorrow,—for we observe a sigh will smile accordingly over many of the occurrences of former years.

If the mention of our early home awakens such emotions of the heart, how much more does the thought of the old homestead—"What sacred Memory, slighting, the pleasures of the present? Twas here beneath the grateful shade of the graceful linden, or the grateful elm, we pass'd our happiest hours, our happy days.

—Ere grandeur dazzled, or its cares oppressed.

There, just visible through that opening in the wood, is a path, formed by the feet of the surrendering creek, by the side of which we have sat for hours, waiting for the "glorious nibble." There, too, is the run, just calming itself in the meadow, after a heating course over the rugged and rocky hillside; that, in our younger days, was the river in which we launched our rough and imaginative imitations of the ship builder's art. The pond aforesaid being the was upon whose glassy bosom our ships were to take their course to the destined haven, said port being some cove along the shore, not quite as muddy as its neighbors.

There is the hill that echoed the wild halloo, resounding from the deep copse wood, as we chased the startled hare. Those thinly scattered trees, free from brush and undergrowth, have often reposed us the joyous hoop, a game in which poor Carlo, "with reason far beyond his years and kind," acted his part with all the keenness and apparent glee that distinguishes a lightsome heart.

A pewit, flying over our head, reminds us of its wild lamentary note" and we behold the propetting rock and find it there, precisely where we left it twenty years ago. Is this the same bird that we here then saw in its nest-hungry, with the same feeling as is implanted in the human heart, sought the home of their forefathers for their habitation? Sure enough—the same pewit as they in the present—though the "Old Homestead" never fades from my memory.

Whose sire I trace, whatever realm he sway,
Will honor unfeatured still fondly home to trace.

T. T. S.

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Song.

Oh! sing that song dear sister to me,
In happier hours I've heard it oft,
Bring back that music I used to see
Bright when I came, more bright when near
Recall those hours when I was free
When youthful days their gladness gave,
We talked of nature—and the trees
The like can't I know must be.

Then take again thy harp for me,
A wake those joys we never know,
Thoughts of the past, and present set me free,
The world's cold scorn no more sensations.

C. VILLA.

Poetry or Life.—There is poetry in every existence. Love, first love especially, is like painting, silent poetry. Our life begins like the rhetoric of nature, with music, and afterward come beauty and repentance.

Ladies' Department.

From "The Star."

The Religion of Beauty.

The devout mind is a lover of nature. Where there is beauty it feels at home. It has not then to shut the windows of the senses, and take refuge from the world within its own walls. Beauty is the eternal life. Beauty never limits us, never degrades us. We are free spirits when with nature. The outward scenery of our life, whether we feel it to be beautiful, is always commensurate with the grandeur of our inward ideal aspirations: it responds unsparingly to the highest, brightest dreams; it does not restrict the soul's communions of a higher life; it tells us that we are safe in indulging the thought which is most cherished. If we have no sense of beauty, the world is nothing more than a place to keep us in. But when the skies and woods, reveal their loveliness, then nature seems a glorious picture, of which our immost soul is the painter, and our own loves and longings the subject. It is the apt accompaniment to the song of the beholder's heart.

The greatest blessing, which could be bestowed on the weary multitude, would be to give them the sense of beauty; to open their eyes for them, and let them see how richly we are here surrounded, what a glorious temple we inhabit, how every part of it is eloquent of God. The love of nature grows with the growth of the soul. Religion makes man sensible to beauty; and beauty in its turn increases the sensibility of man. Beauty is the revelation of the soul to the senses. In all this outward beauty,—these soft swells and curves of the landscape, which seem to be the result of gentle forces,—the innumerable variety of form and colors and motions, not spontaneous, but woven together in a natural harmony as the notes of music in a song,—the mysterious hieroglyphic of the flowers,—this running alphabet of tangled vine and bending grass studded with golden plants; this all-coming presence of sunshine,—this ever-coming traveller into one rainbow-colored sphere, so perfect that the senses and the soul room almost enter it unasked, feeling the presence and perfection of the whole in each part; this perfect accord of sights, sounds, motions, and fragrance, all turned to one harmony, out of which rise melodies inexhaustible of every mood and measure—join all this, man first feels that God is without him, as well as within him, that nature too is holy: and can he hear to feel himself an exception?

Does not the season, then, does not nature, does not the spontaneous impulse of an open heart, all these help and welcome words, through us to silence, more than justify an attempt to show how the religious sentiments may be nourished by a cultivation of the sense of duty?

This should be a part of our religious education. The heart pines and sickens, or grows hard and contracted and unfeelingness, which it cannot have beauty. The love of nature ends in the love of God. It is impossible to feel beauty, and not feel there is a spirit there. The sensualist, the materialist, the worshipper of chance, is cheated of his double, the moment this mystery overtakes him in his walks. The surrounding presence of beautiful nature keeps the soul buoyed up for ever in the element of freedom, while it action is cheerful, healthful, and unwearied; where duty becomes lovely, and the call to worship, either by *prayer or self-sacrifice*, no music to it. He, to whom this sense is open, is not, as it were, in a magnetic communication with a life like his own, which flows in around him, go where he will. He can never feel any loneliness. In nature we feel the same Spirit, who made it and pervades it, holding us up also. Through the open sense of beauty, all we see preaches and prophesies to us. Without it, when no such sensibility exists, how hard a task is faith! how hard to feel that God is here! how entirely bad prophets to be without the air, the body could not breathe; so without beauty, the heart and religious nature could not breathe. Beauty is the life. Beauty is the moral atmosphere. The close, unseemly school-house, in which our infancy was cramped, and bent and crushed, and made ill at ease in its low unlovely a garb did we first see Knowledge and Virtue! How uninteresting seemed Truth, how unfriendly looked Instruction! And what mean associations were the names of God and Wisdom connected in our memory! What a violation of nature's peace seemed Duty! what an insult to nature's right to be free! How the rebellion has been nurtured within us by the ugly confinement to which artificial life and education have circumscribed us! How wonderful it seems that it has made us to the expressive features of God's works, always around us, always inviting us to their silent eloquence.

I hold, then, that without a cultivation of the sense of beauty, chiefly to be drunken from the open fountains of nature, there can be no deep and sound moral development. The man so educated lacks something most essential. He is considered, not of a piece with nature: and however correct, however much master of himself, he will be uninteresting, unencouraging, and uninviting. To the student of ancient history, the warm-hearted, graceful Greek, all alive to beauty, the beauty almost his religion, is a more refreshing object, than the cold, formal Jew. And here around us, read it as we may, the Greek is the book drawn toward the open, graceful children of impulse, in preference to the stiff, iron like patterns of virtue. The latter may be more correct examples, but at the same time very unreal. The former, though purposeless and careless they play through life, yet have treated themselves to nature, and been ravished by her beauty, and nature will not let them become very bad.

Consider a few of the practical effects upon the whole character of a growing love of beauty in the young mind.

It disposes to order. It gives birth in the mind to a sensitiveness, which suggests impropriety, it inclines gently, but irresistibly, to the fit sitting, to the word in season. The beauty which we see and feel gives order to our life. Gissing with delight on nature, our will imperceptibly becomes attuned to the same harmony. The open love of beauty is adverse with a careless nence; we dare not mar what looks so perfect. This sense, too, has a something like conscience contained in it: we feel bound to do and be ourselves something worthy of the beauty we are permitted to admire. The feeling, while it makes slow and quickens, yet is eminently conservative, and, therefore, favorable to virtue. It makes us interested on the side of order, and of all dear and hallowed associations. He, who wants it, is as destitute as a child. We can see nothing in it like that of nature, as soon as we feel it at all, overcomes us with respect, and a certain sensitive dread of all violence, makes us hate what is the propetting rock and find it there, precisely where we left it twenty years ago. In this the same lord that we here then saw in its nest-hungry, with the same feeling as is implanted in the human heart, sought the home of their forefathers for their habitation? Sure enough—the same pewit as they in the present—though the "Old Homestead" never fades from my memory.

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world is loveliest to him, who looks out on it through pure eyes.

Sweet is the pleasure,
Earth casteth to know
It not true bounties
God with true toil?

Thou dost not weariness,
Dost do thy best;
Use it, not waste it,
Then rest, rest.

Juvenile Department.

The Robin's Nest.

Charles is a boy who always insists upon having his own way. It certainly must be that he does not know better than any body in the whole world, for he is never willing to take advice, not even from his father and mother, who, of course, know much better than he does what is best for him. He caught a violent cold the other day, and was confined to the house a week, because he would not wear his flannel to school, as his mother advised him to do; and it was but the other evening that he burned his fingers very badly when roasting chestnuts, simply because he knew more about the matter than those who put them out with the tongs. He has met with many mortifications on account of this obstinate temper, and some of them very serious. He had been at the head of his Latin class almost a month—and in two days more, would have obtained the promotion of number one, without any doubt, thinking that the lessons looked very easy, he concluded not to take his Latin Grammar, for he had a great many books to carry, and he thought he should be able to learn his lesson without it. His elder brother, who knew much more about Latin than he did, and was in a higher class, observing that when he put his books into the satchel, he did not take his grammar, said to him,—

"Are you not going to take home your grammar, Charles?"

"No indeed," said Charles, "I think I can learn that little easy lesson without a grammar."

"Well, you may do as you please," said he, "but I could not, which I went over it—and I don't think you can. Take my advice, and carry home your grammar for you will be sorry for it."

"No, I shall not," replied Charles, as he threw his satchel over his shoulder, "and I am not going to trouble myself with your advice."

So Charles went home without his grammar: but when he began to study his lesson in the evening, he found that he could not learn it at all without it. He could not ask his brother John to help him, but he felt ashamed. However, he finally concluded that he would rather ask assistance from him, than to lose his place in the class; but when he went to look for John, he found that he had gone out. Charles was then obliged to learn as much of the lesson as he could without the grammar, and leave the rest—for John did not come home until after Charles had gone to bed. The next morning he had no time to look at his lesson; and after he had taken his place in the class, he found he could barely answer a single question—and the last his place in the class would be very first question, he was asked him. He felt sorry indeed then, he had not taken John's advice—but his sorrow was not the right kind, for it did not lead him to do better.

He was studying Natural History, and was very much pleased at the discovery, for in his robin's nest in an apple tree, in the garden. He was very much pleased at the discovery, for in his Natural History he had seen a wood cut representing their young and teaching them to fly. He ran and told his father, and asked him if he might turn the tree at once into a wood cut, for the benefit of a tree—hoping that the old birds would go in there and feed their young. His father told him that he might, and was so kind as to go out into the garden with him. He asked him to watch the nest away, and advised Charles to go away too, lest he should frighten the birds from going into the nest. But Charles thought he knew more than his father, and might stay a little while without danger of frightening the birds. So he pretended to watch the nest, but in fact, he did not for two or three minutes." Pretty soon the old bird began to fly about the tree, and was just going to feed her young, when Charles ran to the child, started forward, and forgot to hold on by the rounds of the ladder. He very narrowly escaped falling, by catching hold of the bough near which the rage was stationed. But he shook the bough so violently, that the string by which the cage hung, broke, and it was dashed to the ground The little birds were killed, and Charles Lamented bitterly that he had not taken his father's advice. Whether or not he has improved since I saw him last, I cannot tell; but I hope he has, For I am sure he would be saved a great many troubles if he could conquer that fault.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Song.

BY REV. JOHN MORRISON.

Let the tramp of Force
Be known in the land of Fame
Who, as Victor's name
Right or battle claim,
On the latest score.

Thereby beats their cripe empire
Fed the loud fire's roar
Which plants they prond
Who, with death, dwell
Let him be their glory
And with him be sung
From the Sceptre the
Till to it home, by and still
And with it their fame
And safely shields to all
Their country's hearth and home.

II.

Cheer the patriot band
Who, for their country's fame
The sword of God right hand
The word of Heart for a time
They as an example are strong
Who for their country's fame
Who for their country's home.

In a strong time strong
Let the sword of God right hand
The word of Heart for a time
They as an example are strong
Who for their country's fame
Who for their country's home.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Curious Cancers.

On the Ohio, twenty miles below the mouth of the Wabash, is a cavern, in which are found no ny hieroglyphics, and representations of such devices as could be made by the Indians. The hieroglyphics were, indeed, comparatively refined and civilized. It is a cave in a rock, or ledge of the river bank, and is accessible only when the river is low. It is about 100 feet in length, and 20 feet above the water of the river, when in flood, and is situated close to the bank. In the early settlement of Ohio, that state became the favorite resort of Kentuckians, called "Wilson's Gang." Wilson, in the first place, brought his family to the state, and fitted it up as a tavern, erected a sign post on the water side, on which were these words: "Wilson's Liquor Vaults, and Hot Stands for Gentlemen Travellers." Wilson's Tavern induced almost all the boats descending the river to call for refreshments and amusement Attached by these circumstances, natural infirmities kept on the increase at the cave, after which it continually resounded with the shouts of the licentious, the clamour of the riotous, and the obscenity of gamblers. Out of such contrasts, Wilson found no difficulty in forming a band of robbers, with whom he formed a plan of murdering the crews of every boat that stopped at his tavern, and of sending the boats, manned by some of his party, to New Orleans, and there sell them; landing for cash, which was to be conveyed to the cave by land, through the States of Tennessee and Kentucky; the party returning with it being instructed to murder and rob, on all good occasions on the road.

After a lapse of time, the merchants of the up-

per country began to be alarmed on finding their property make no returns, and their people never coming back: Several families and respectable men, who had gone down the river, were missed, or heard of, and the losses became so frequent, that it raised at length a cry of individual distress and general alarm. This naturally led to inquiry, and large rewards were offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of such unparalleled crimes. In most cases nothing was known, while in a single party of forty-five men, was the cause of such waste of blood and treasure; that he had a station at Harrison Island, to arrest every boat that passed the mouth of the cavern, and that he had agents at Natchez and New Orleans of presumed respectability, who contracted his assignments after rank, though they knew the goods to be stolen, or obtained by the commission of murder.

The publicity of Wilson's transactions soon broke up his party, some dispersed, others were taken prisoners, and he himself was killed by one of his associates, who was tempted by the reward for the head of the captain of the band.

This extern measures about twelve rods in length, and five in width; its entrance presents a width of eight feet, and nearly the same in point of height. The interior walls are smooth rock. The floor is very remarkable, being level through the whole length of its centre, the sides rising at first by a gentle ascent, and then by the pit of a treatise. On a diligent scrutiny of the walls, it is plainly discerned that the ancient inhabitants of it were very expert in the use of the cave as a house of deliberation and council. The walls bear many hieroglyphics, well executed, and some of them expressed animals, which have no resemblance to any now known to natural history.

This cavern is a great natural curiosity, as it is connected with another still more gloomy, which is situated exactly above, united by an aperture of nineteen feet; which, to ascend, we like passing up a chimney, while the mountain is not far above. Not long after the dispersion and arrest of the robbers, who had infested it, in the upper vault were found the skeletons of some sixty persons, who had been murdered by the gang of Wilson, as was supposed.

But the most curious things are still more curious and important than a description of the mere cave, which are found engraved on the sides with it, as accurately as if done with a steel pen.

The sun, in different stages of rise and declension; the moon, under various phases; a snake, biting its tail, and forming a circle; a fish, with a viper, vulture, lizards tearing out the heart of a prostrate man, a panther held by the ears by a child, a crocodile, several trees and shrubs, a fox, a rattlesnake, a bird with a long tail and crest, an eagle, an owl, some quails, eight representations of animals which are now unknown.

There are also eight men with the right hand in all respects except the tusk and tail. Two more resemble a tiger, one a wild boar, another a stag, and the eighth appears a creature of fancy, being a quadrumanine, instead of a quadruped, the claws being alike before and behind, and in the act of conveying something to the mouth, which lay in the centre of the men tor. Besides these were several fine representations of men and women, not naked, but clothed; not as the Indians, but much in the costume of Greece and Rome.

Friends.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Friend after friend departs!
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time—
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown,
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone,
And faith beholds the dying here
Transmuted to that glorious sphere!

Then stay thy sighs,
Thy tears and sorrows dry,
We mourn our captive friends no more,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day,
We soar with those stars in empty height
But their Redeemer's throne is light.

Also Anon.

On the invitation of the family of Richard Penn, Governor of Pennsylvania, I dined at his table. I understand that it was a very rare occurrence, and that he was to be followed to the grave only by a few of his friends, and of them who had been most indebted to his bounty. Mr. Penn's residence, when I arrived at Peter Moore's house in George street, to which the body had been removed, as being more convenient to the burial ground. When I entered the house, I was astonished at the number and the description of the persons who were assembled. Among them were the Right Honorable Lord Malgrave, Lord Augustus, Lord Lyndoch, Wellesley Pole, and many others, whose names I have forgotten, and a number of Spaniards, and who could guess the funeral with the pleasure, only to pay a tribute to his extraordinary talents. How strange a contrast! In some weeks before his death, he was left in the greatest of the means of subsistence. Executions for debt were in his house; and he passed his last days in the custody of a bailiff. Having overstayed his time expiring him to prison, scarcely knowing they were assured that he remove him would release him. He was found in his bed dead, a crowd of persons, the first in rank, and talent, and opulence, were eager to attend him to his grave. In a glass, and many, and I am sure that none of the mourners were millionaires! Such evidently were three of the Prince's friends, Lords Yarmouth, Hertford, and Lord. Lauderdale, and a letter from Carlton House the day before the funeral, expressing a desire to attend, and their offer was not refused. The Prince, whose sun days he had shone, and who had been the great cotterie, and after some of the newspapers had observed upon the strange contention he was in, had not even called. [Ed.] Sheridan had the spirit to refuse it, and when he communicated to her husband what she had done, he expressed his approval. The Prince of course of his death was reported to be an absence but the truth is, that his constitution was nearly worn out, and that his mind was greatly agitated by grief, disappointment, and a deep sense of the neglect he experienced.—*Life of Sir Samuel Romilly, just published.*

Wilson's Gang Last.

He's gone at last! well let him go.
I shan't sit down and sigh
I won't even wear a single bow—
He might have said—Good bye.

I never thought he'd treat me so.
He used to be so kind,
But this time! three ugly men
Have changed his mind.

He used to look me out to ride—
He used to send me fruit—
He thought I was the only one
He ever made any suit.

And when we came home from a walk
He thought I was the only one
He ever made an evening call.
He always said so.

He used to look so merciful
Whenever I was near,
He like cat's eye shone
Into my face quite clear.

He used to say he loved me most,
And Cousin Sally's eyes
I thought he loved me most.
He even went down upon his knees
To make me think so true,
I thought my luck was hard enough—
But now it's new.

Well, I have not lost him back his rings,
His chain I shall keep,
And the little lock of hair he stole
I'll think how to return.

I hate the very name of him—
I never, never can
Be induced to smile his pious name,
I don't think I could try-ah.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Song.

BY MRS. EDWARD DUNN.

Come near me! stay!
Thou dear one! stay!
Thou dear one! stay!
Thou dear one